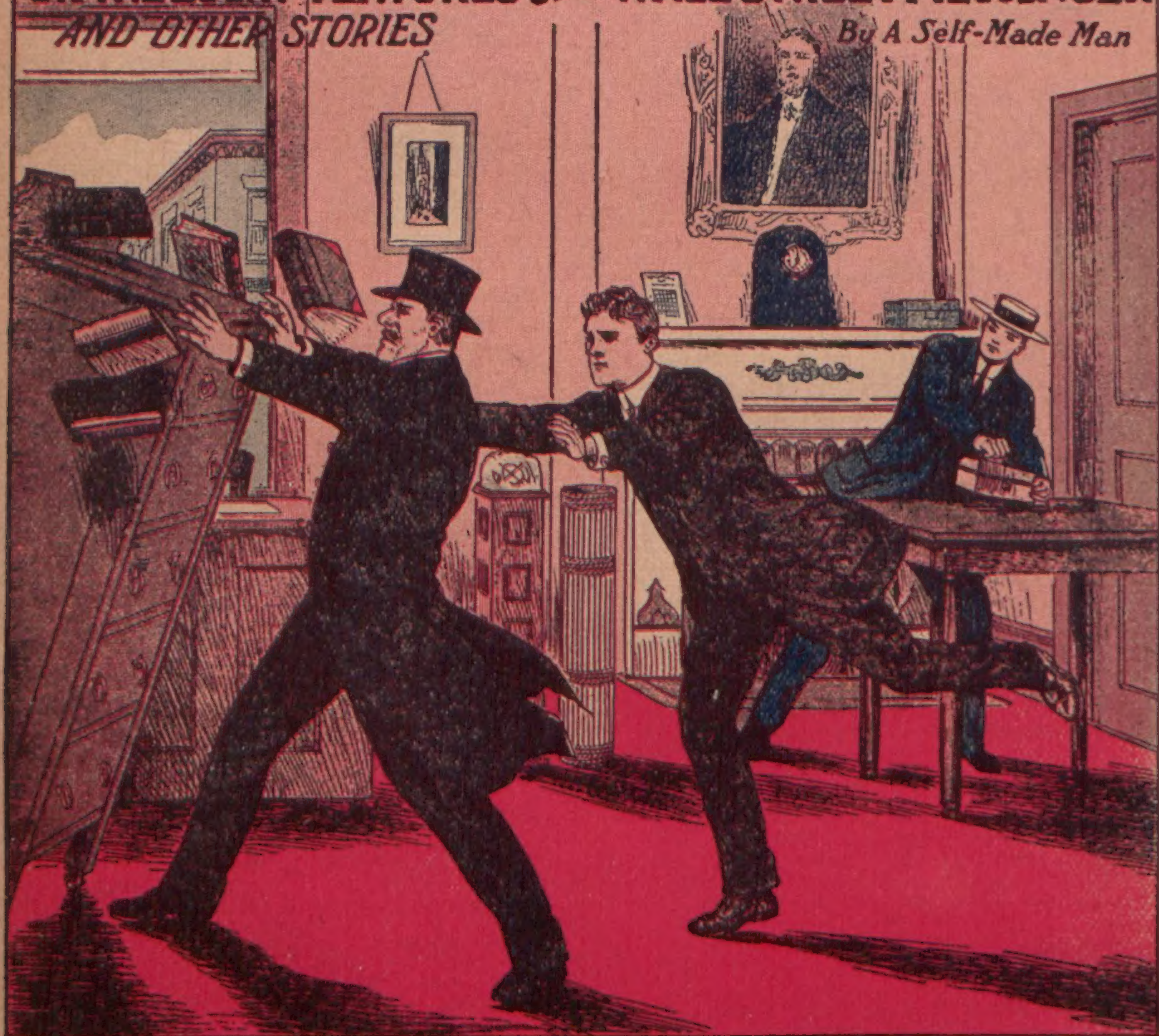


FAME ^{AND} FORTUNE WEEKLY.

STORIES OF BOYS THAT MAKE MONEY.

IN THE STOCK MARKET OR THE LUCKY VENTURES OF A WALL STREET MESSENGER *AND OTHER STORIES*

By A Self-Made Man



The visitor with the silk hat reached for a book, purposely causing the case to tip forward. As Bob, attracted by the falling books, rushed to catch the case, the man's companion grabbed the tin box and started for the door.

FAME AND FORTUNE WEEKLY

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IN THE STOCK MARKET

OR, THE LUCKY VENTURES OF A WALL STREET MESSENGER

BY A SELF-MADE MAN

CHAPTER I.—The Undesirable Visitor.

"Is Mr. Ford in?" asked a vinegary-looking woman, whose age was probably eight-and-forty, of Bob Bassett, Broker Ford's messenger boy, one morning.

Bob recognized the speaker as a party he had been directed to sidetrack if she made her appearance at the office again. Her name was Wicks, and she was a boarding house keeper in the Tenderloin district of New York, on a side street off Sixth avenue.

"Who, ma'am?" asked Bob, putting his hand to his ear as if he was hard of hearing.

"Mr. Ford," repeated the woman, in a louder tone.

"Just went out ma'am," replied Bob briskly.

"What's that?" exclaimed the woman sharply.

"Gone to the Exchange."

"Why, I saw him come in ahead of me!"

"Must have been somebody else, ma'am."

"No, it wasn't anybody else!" snapped the woman. "Don't you suppose I know Mr. Ford when I see him?"

"Don't I suppose you know who, ma'am?" said Bob, putting his hand to his ear again.

"Are you deaf, young man?"

"No, ma'am. Just a slight impediment in my hearing, owing to an attack of the measles."

"What!" gasped the visitor, backing away from him. "Have you got the measles?"

"I suppose you've had 'em, ma'am, so you won't catch 'em."

"Keep away. Don't you come near me! Why don't you stay home till you're cured? Go away, I don't want to talk to you."

She marched up to the cashier's window and asked that gentleman if the broker was in.

"I couldn't tell you, madam. Ask the office boy. He can tell you," said the cashier.

"I won't go near him again. He's got the measles."

"I'm sure I don't know what you are talking about, madam."

"I'm talking about the measles. Are you deaf, too?" snorted the lady.

"Nobody has the measles in this office. What made you think our boy has them?"

"He told me he had."

"Bob!" called the cashier.

"Yes, sir," said the boy, coming forward.

"Were you talking to this lady?"

"I had a few words with her. She asked if Mr. Ford was in, and I told her he had just gone out."

"Then you said you had an impediment in your hearing, owing to an attack of measles," said the visitor, keeping some feet away.

"That's right ma'am. I had the measles when I was a little baby and it left me with an impediment."

"Young man, I think you are trying to make game of me," said Mrs. Wicks, in a severe tone.

The lady regarded the boy with some suspicion, but Bob looked as solemn as an owl, so she said: "Huh!" and looked about the room. At that moment the first vice-president of a certain Wall Street bank came in and asked Bob if the broker was in. Mrs. Wicks had sharp ears and heard what he said.

"I'll see if he's got back, sir," Bob said, walking into the private room.

Mr. Ford was sitting at his desk—a fact Bob was sure of before he went in.

"Mr. Burnside wants to see you," he said.

"Show him in," said the trader.

"Mrs. Wicks is outside and wants to see you, too."

"I don't want to see her. Get rid of her some way."

Bob thought his boss was giving him a difficult job, for the woman didn't look as if she could be easily disposed of. He walked out and told Mr. Burnside to go in. Mrs. Wicks, whose suspicions had been growing ever since the boy went into the private room, jumped up and seized Bob by the arm.

"You deceived me!" she said angrily. "Mr. Ford is in and you told me he was out—had gone to the Exchange. What do you mean by telling such a falsehood? Aren't you ashamed of yourself? Take my name in to Mr. Ford at once, do you hear?"

"Impossible, ma'am. The gentleman I just showed in is one of the vice-presidents of a big bank. His visit is one of great importance."

Bob spoke politely, with a bland smile, but his words and his smile had no effect on the lady. She was mad clear through because she considered she had been treated without the respect she felt she was entitled to.

"You are trying to prevent me from seeing Mr. Ford, but it won't do! I am wise to your tricks. I shall see him in spite of you," and the lady pushed her chin forward in a very determined way.

She was evidently a very determined woman when she made up her mind to do anything. She took possession of the chair nearest to the door

of the private room, and Bob suspected she intended to walk in just as soon as Vice-President Burnside came out. At that juncture something unexpected happened that altered the complexion of affairs, and Bob was quick-witted enough to take advantage of it. One of the customers who was standing near the ticker watching the fall of a stock in which he was interested in was subject to fits.

The heat and the excitement caused by seeing a steady slump in his investment brought one on him at that moment. He uttered a sudden yell, fell on the floor beside the ticker and worked his arms, legs and face in a contorted way. The other customers scattered at first and Mrs. Wicks sprang up, not a little alarmed at the state of things.

"Look out!" shouted Bob. "He's got 'em again! He'll bite some of you in a moment. Quick, madam, get out before he starts in to clean up the place!"

Bob assumed a look of terror, and taking the lady by the arm hurried her over to the door, through which she bounced as soon as he opened it.

"Oh, gracious! He's coming after us—run! run!" cried the boy.

The boarding house missus uttered a shriek and flew hot-foot for the elevator, with Bob just behind, urging her on.

"Down!" shouted Bob to the man in charge of an elevator on its way to the ground floor.

The man stopped, opened the door, and Bob pushed the lady in. The door shut and the elevator went on, Bob returning to the office, chuckling at the success of his ruse. He found the cashier and one of the clerks attending to the man who had the fit. He had become as rigid as a corpse, and flecks of foam appeared on his lips. Mr. Ford and Mr. Burnside had run out, attracted by the excitement, and the broker ordered the man carried into his room and laid on the lounge, and an ambulance telephoned for. In due time the ambulance arrived, and the surgeon, who was accustomed to deal with such cases, speedily brought the man around, and in a short time he recovered entirely and was able to start home without any assistance.

CHAPTER II.—Bob Finds a Diamond.

Bob Bassett was a bright boy of sixteen, full of animal spirit, and much like other lads of his years. He had a sister, a year his senior, a very pretty girl, who worked in a big department store on Broadway. Their mother was a little widow, who took in piecework from a Broadway manufacturing house to employ her time when not engaged in her housework, and their home was on the lower East Side, where rents were cheap in comparison with uptown. They did not live in one of the big tenements so plentiful in their locality, but occupied the lower half of an old-fashioned two-story and basement house.

The most prosperous member of the family was Bob, for not only had he a good position with Broker John Ford, with whom he was something of a favorite, but he had \$550, all his own, in an envelope addressed to himself in the office safe. As long as his mother was making ends meet

nicely with the wages he and his sister turned in regularly every week, and what she earned herself, he didn't think it necessary to let on that he was so well off financially.

On the day following the incident narrated in the previous chapter, Bob had a message to take to the Vanderpool Building on Exchange Place. He hustled around there, took an elevator and got out on the third floor. He had never visited this broker, whose name was Smith, before, so he had to look for his office, which was in the front of the building. He found it without any particular trouble, walked in and asked for Mr. Smith.

"He's busy," said Smith's office boy, who came forward to find out what he wanted. "Sit down."

"This note is important. Can't you take it in to him?"

"If it's important I can," said the boy, taking the note and entering the inner room, leaving the door slightly ajar.

Through the opening a part of the conversation within reached Bob's ears. He learned enough inside of a minute to tell him that Mr. Smith was acting as one of the brokers for a syndicate which had been formed to corner and boom some stock, the name of which was not mentioned.

"This is a chance for me if I can find out the name of the stock," thought Bob. "The only way I can do that is to watch Smith at the Exchange and get one or two of my friends to do the same. Between us we ought to find out what he is buying right along."

In a few moments the office boy came back, handed him an envelope, and he left the office. It took him two days to annex the information he wanted, and then he learned that Broker Smith was buying all the A. & F. he could get hold of. So at the first chance Bob took his money from the safe, carried it to the little bank on Nassau street and put it up on fifty shares of A. & F. at 85. When he got back to the office he went into the counting room to a corner by a window, where the office stenographer had her desk. She was rattling the keys of her machine at a rapid rate. As he paused beside her she looked up and smiled, for he was a great favorite with her.

"Does Mr. Ford want me?" she asked, stopping at her work.

"I guess not. At any rate, he didn't send me to you. I dropped in to tell you that I'm in on a new deal—a tip I got hold of a couple of days ago. Don't you want to risk a hundred dollars? It's a winner."

"If you say it's a winner I wouldn't mind putting up the money; but I can't do it now. I'll bring it to-morrow morning," said Miss Daisy Gates, who had been a partner with Bob once before on a small speculation, which netted her a profit of \$60.

"All right, fetch the money in the morning and I'll buy the ten shares for you."

At that moment Bob heard his bell ring, and he went in to see what Mr. Ford wanted.

"You're going to the bank pretty soon," said the broker, looking at his watch.

"Yes, sir, just as soon as Mr. Taylor has the deposit slip ready."

Taylor was the name of the office cashier.

"Well, as soon as you come back, if Mr. Taylor

has nothing of importance for you to do, take this letter uptown to the address written on it."

"All right, sir," said Bob, taking the letter and putting it in his pocket. "Any answer?"

"Yes. Bring the answer over to my house. I may not be at home, but you can leave it with the girl who answers your ring."

When Bob returned to the counting room the cashier had the day's receipts ready for him, with the bank book and deposit slip. Bob put it all in his small leather bag, threw the long strap across his shoulder and started for the bank. On his way out of the bank, Bob saw something that glistened under one of the wall desks. He picked it up and saw that it was a valuable diamond, which had doubtless dropped out of its setting and rolled there. He took it down to the cashier's office, told him where he found it, and left it with him with his name and business address.

"How much do you think it's worth?" he asked the cashier.

"Two or three thousand dollars, I should think."

Bob was satisfied and went away. On his return to the office the cashier had nothing for him to do so he told him he had an errand to execute for Mr. Ford, uptown.

"Run along, then," said Taylor.

Bob went down to the Hanover Square elevated station and took a Third avenue train running north. He got out at the nearest station to his destination, walked over to Fifth avenue and rang the bell at one of the mansions on that aristocratic thoroughfare. It was all of five minutes before any response was made to his ring. Bob knew enough about the ways of elite houses to simply wait till the door was opened. This finally happened and a tall, well-formed, stiffish individual blocked the opening and looked at him inquiringly.

"Is Mr. Bonnay in?" asked Bob.

"Really, I couldn't say," replied the man, with a strong English accent. "He may be in and he may not. What is your business with him?"

"I have a letter from Mr. Ford of Wall Street, to hand him, and I was instructed to bring back an answer."

"Walk in and take a seat," said the servant, who happened to be the butler instead of the second man, whose duty it was to attend on the door.

He pointed to a seat in the wide hall, and Bob sat down in a stiff-backed chair. The butler walked upstairs with a slow and stately tread, and after an interval he came down at the same pace and told Bob to follow him. The boy was introduced into the library in an extension of the second floor. A fine-looking gentleman was sitting in a comfortable chair, reading a paper.

"Mr. Bonnay?" said Bob.

"That's my name. You have brought a note for me, I believe?" and he held out his hand.

Bob noticed a gold ring on his little finger with a diamond setting, but no stone, which struck him as very odd. Mr. Bonnay read the note, got up and went to his desk, where he dashed off a reply, which he inclosed in an envelope, addressed and handed to Bob, at the same time pushing a button. The butler was evidently standing just outside the door, for he appeared as if by magic.

"I would like to ask you a question. Mr. Bonnay," said Bob.

"Well?" said the gentleman.

"Did you lose a valuable diamond to-day from a ring?"

"How did you guess that?" asked Mr. Bonnay, in a tone of surprise.

"I noticed that you are wearing a ring without a stone, and just before I left Wall Street I found a diamond of some size."

"Indeed!" said the gentleman, in a tone of interest.

"Did you lose a diamond from your ring to-day?"

"I did. Let me see the one you found."

"I haven't got it with me. I found it in the — Bank, and I turned it over to the cashier."

"Ah! that is where I must have lost it. When did you find it?"

"At three o'clock."

"I was in the bank at one. It is singular it could have lain two hours on the floor until you came along and saw it."

"It was lying under one of the wall desks, against the footboard."

"When I get the stone I will make you a suitable return for recovering it."

He motioned to the butler and Bob was shown out at the front door.

Next morning Miss Daisy Gates, the stenographer, brought \$100 from her home in Brooklyn and handed it to Bob to buy ten shares of A. & F. on margin for her. During the morning Bob bought the ten shares of A. & F. for Miss Gates in his own name, and he got it at the same price he gave for his own fifty. About two o'clock a messenger boy came in the office and asked for Bob. The boy was out on an errand at the time, so the messenger left an envelope for him with the cashier. When Bob got back Mr. Taylor handed it to him. On opening it, he found a brief note and a check for \$250 from Mr. Bonnay. In the note the gentleman said he had got his diamond from the cashier of the bank, and thanking Bob as the medium of its restoration he asked him to accept the inclosed check as an evidence of his appreciation. Bob was quite tickled at the size of the check. He immediately showed it, with the note, to Miss Gates.

"I shall slap this right into A. & F. It will get me the call on 25 more shares, and that ought to give me three or four hundred dollars more profit," he said.

At that point the cashier called him and sent him out on an errand. Bob stopped at the little bank and bought the 25 shares. Toward the close of the day's business at the Exchange, A. & F. advanced two points. By the end of the week it was up to 90. On Monday morning Mrs. Wicks came in again and wanted to see Mr. Ford.

"Don't tell me he is out, young man, for I shan't believe you," she said.

As it happened, the broker was out, and Bob so stated.

"Let me go in and see if he is out," she said.

"Certainly, ma'am, come right in with me," said Bob.

She followed him in and was satisfied that Mr. Ford was out.

"When do you expect him back?"

"Couldn't tell you, ma'am. I don't keep tab on the boss's movements."

"Do you think he'll be back in half an hour?"

"If he's over at the Exchange he might not get back until after three."

"Why couldn't you have said that at first?"

Bob smiled and went into the counting room.

"Mrs. Wicks is here again," he said to the cashier. "If somebody else would have a fit and frighten her away again, I'd take it as a favor."

"What do you suppose she wants?"

"I haven't the least idea, but I suppose she wants to buy some stock."

"Mr. Ford told me that she hasn't money enough to buy 100 shares now after her two losses, and as we don't take an order for less than 100 shares she can't buy in this office, unless the boss makes an exception in her case. He has already turned her down, but she persists in trying to get him to alter his determination."

Bob walked outside.

"The cashier thinks you are only losing your time waiting for Mr. Ford, ma'am," he said to the boarding house lady.

"Indeed!" she snapped. "I know my business."

"Very likely, ma'am. I told Mr. Ford that you were in here the other day and he said he guessed he knew why you wanted to see him."

"What did he say?"

"He said you wanted to buy less than 100 shares of some stock."

"I expected him to sell me less. I can't afford to buy more than fifty."

"He would be glad to accommodate you if he could, but he can't."

"Huh! I've lost several hundred dollars in this office and I'm entitled to a chance to recover it."

"It wasn't Mr. Ford's fault that your deals went wrong. He'd sooner see his customers win than lose; but he has no say in the matter. Now, ma'am, seeing as you have been unfortunate, if you'll go to the little bank, for it isn't any use of you trying to buy less than 100 shares here, I'll give you a sure tip."

"You will? I like that. What do you know about tips?"

"Can I depend on you to keep the matter mum if I show you something?"

"What do you mean?"

"I got hold of a tip on A. & F., and I've bought 75 shares of it at the little bank because I could not buy it here in this office. See, here are my memoranda of the deal," and Bob showed them to her. "I wouldn't let this out to anybody but you, under the circumstances in which you find yourself. I bought the stock at 85, you see. It's got up to 90 since. I can show you that on the tape if you will come over to the ticker. Now that stock is going up to par, so there's a good chance of you making \$10 a share. You couldn't get hold of a tip like this anywhere. I'm doing you a big favor in putting you on to it. If you take my advice, you'll lose no time in getting in on it."

Mrs. Wicks had become interested, and she went over to the ticker with Bob, and he showed her the latest quotation of 90 1-8 on the tape.

"Are you sure it will go to par?" she said.

"Yes, ma'am. There is a syndicate pushing it, but you must not say anything about it. It's between you and me. You must go to the little bank every day and watch it. When it gets up to 98, watch it closely and be ready to sell at a moment's notice, and you'll come out a winner."

He told her where the little bank was, and she started post-haste to buy fifty shares of A. & F. on margin.

CHAPTER IV.—Bob Gets a Present.

A. & F. went up to 92 that Monday, and as Mrs. Wicks bought fifty shares at 90 1-4, she was much elated when she looked in the paper next morning and saw she was ahead of it. Remembering that Bob had told her to watch the stock closely after it got up to about 95, she came down to Wall Street and went to the waiting room of the little bank and took a seat there, facing the big blackboard on which the Stock Exchange quotations were marked up as fast as they came in over the telephone.

During the afternoon it happened that Bob had an errand up Nassau street, and on his return he dropped in at the little bank to take a rapid look at the blackboard to note how his stock was going. A. & F. was up to 95 then, and half the people in the room was interested in it to a greater or less degree. He looked around to see if Mrs. Wicks was there, and as it was easy to spot the few women, he made her out, sitting up as stiff as a grenadier on duty. He went over to her.

"How do you do, Mrs. Wicks!" he said.

"Oh, it's you!" she said, looking around, her vinegary features relaxing into the nearest approach to a smile they were capable of.

"Yes, ma'am. Did you make use of my tip?"

"I did," she replied, in a tone of satisfaction.

"Are you satisfied that I put you on to a good thing?"

"I am. You're a very nice boy."

"You didn't think I was so nice yesterday morning, did you?" he chuckled.

"We'll let the past go," she said. "You have redeemed yourself."

"Glad to hear it. Now don't hold on too long and get caught with the lambs who hang out for the last dollar."

At half-past two A. & F. reached 98, and Bob determined to sell as soon as he was sent out again, even if he got a calling down for staying out too long, which he hardly expected, since he was always very prompt in executing his errands. It touched par at a quarter of three, and then he was called on by the cashier to take a note over to Mr. Ford at the Exchange. He dashed over to the Exchange and lost some minutes there before he could hand in his note. He got back to the office, seized his bag which the cashier had waiting for him, and made a bee-line for the little bank. The doors were being closed as he got there, but he managed to slip in all out of breath. A minute before the Exchange closed down with A. & F. ruling at 100 1-2. On his way back he went to the little bank and told the margin clerk to have his shares sold at the first chance, which would be in the morning. Mrs. Wicks had departed, so Bob could not tell whether she had sold or not. Bob's stock was sold with other batches when the Exchange opened next morning and it went to 100 7-8, giving him a profit of \$1,175.

When the bank settled with him on the following afternoon, he got back his \$750 deposit. This, with the \$50 he had not used, made him worth \$1,975. That was quite a jump from \$550, which was what he had when he got hold of the tip. Next morning while Bob was sitting in his chair the door of the waiting room opened and Mrs. Wicks came in. Bob got up and went to meet her with more alacrity than he had done on her previous visits.

"How did you come out?" he asked her.

"I made \$510."

"I congratulate you."

"As I owe that to you I thought you deserved a little present so I bought you this."

She handed the boy a small package. He opened and saw a box with a jeweler's name on it. Opening it, he found a pair of gold sleeve buttons which had cost the boarding house madam \$10.

"I'm very much obliged to you, Mrs. Wicks," he said. "They'll look very well on my cuffs. It is very kind of you to remember me."

"You're entitled to something nice. If you have another tip to give away any time, you might think of me. Here is my address."

She handed Bob a card with her name and address on it, and then said she was going over to the little bank to watch the blackboard for a while. After she was gone, Bob took his present into the counting room to show the stenographer. Miss Gates was in high spirits, for she had made \$158 out of the A. & F. deal, and she thought Bob was the best fellow in the world.

Bob had already told her about having given the tip to Mrs. Wicks, and he now informed her that he had just had a visit from the boarding-house lady, who, after telling him she had made \$500 out of A. & F., had presented him with a small token of her appreciation, whereupon the boy exhibited the cuff-buttons.

"They're very pretty, and real gold. That was very nice of her. Dear me, I must give you something myself after that," said the fair stenographer.

"I hope you won't Miss Daisy.~ What I have done for you is free, gratis and for nothing."

"But you must let me give you something."

"Nothing at all."

"But I have made money through you."

"That's all right. I hope you will make twice as much in the future."

"I don't see why you should accept a present from that party and not be willing to take one from me," pouted Miss Gates.

"I hope you aren't jealous on that account," laughed Bob. "Mrs. Wicks' face when she's mad would stop a clock, and she's fifty years old, if she's a day. I gave her the tip to get her out of the office, and do her a good turn as well. Apparently she appreciates the good turn, hence the cuff-buttons."

"Don't you suppose I appreciate a good turn, too?"

"Certainly you do; and I appreciate your thanks as much as the cuff-buttons."

"I see there is no good arguing with you."

"That's right, so cut it out. There goes my bell," and Bob hurried away.

CHAPTER V.—Bob Gets Another Tip.

Bob handed his mother \$75 of his winnings, telling her he had made it on the stock market, but he did not hint at how much more he had made the same way. A couple of weeks passed, and he noticed that D. & J. was going up. He watched it for a couple of days, and then bought 100 shares of it on margin at the little bank. He got the stock at 90 and in the course of a few days it went up to 95. Judging that it was not likely to go much higher, he sold out at 95 3-8, and added \$500 more to his small working capital.

Bob had a particular friend named Tommy Toppleton, who worked for a well-known operator on the stock market—a man who was accounted a millionaire several times over. Compared to Bob's job, Tommy had a snap. He worked from half-past nine till four, and had half an hour for his lunch. Bob and Tommy were quite chummy whenever they came together, which was often. It was the afternoon of the first day of July, and a Friday. Bob had just come from his boss's bank after making the day's deposit, and was sitting in his seat wondering how many more errands would fall to his lot before he got off for the day. The door opened and admitted Tommy Toppleton, who was off early because his employer had gone to a directors' meeting and would not return.

"Hello, Tommy," said Bob. "Are you through?"

"I wouldn't be here if I wasn't," replied Tommy. "I've got something for you, but I want a good rake-off."

"What is it—a tip?"

"That's what! I copped a bit of inside information to-day that's worth money."

"In your own office?"

"Yes. I heard the boss tell his chief broker, Hannigan, to get busy and buy D. & O. shares on the quiet till he told him to stop. That means that the Elkins syndicate is getting busy again. The members of the bunch are looking for their summer spending money, for there won't be much doing after this till September. You have a little bunch of money that you've made. You want to soak it right into D. & O. It's good for a fifteen to twenty-point rise. When you've collected your winnings, you can hand me ten per cent. of it."

"Suppose this thing was to go crooked, are you ready to make good ten per cent. of my loss?" asked Bob.

"Don't you worry about anything going wrong. I tell you this tip is right from headquarters, which makes it a cinch for you. You can buy 100 shares, I guess. You stand to make \$1,500 or \$2,000, less ten per cent. What's ten per cent. to ninety per cent. which you pocket for hardly risking your money?"

"You tell it well, Tommy, but I guess you ought to know if it's a good thing."

"Sure I oughter know, and I do know. This is the first pointer I've got on to that I can swear by."

"Tell me how you came to get hold of it."

Tommy did so, and Bob judged that it was all right.

"I'll go in, Tommy. I have the coin to buy 200 shares and still leave me shaving money."

"Two hundred shares!" cried Tommy, quite elated. "Good! I'll make \$300 or \$400!"

"I hope you will, Tommy."

"I'm sure of it, and you'll make a big, fat roll. My boss and his friends are going to make a raft of money. What a fine thing it is to be rich!"

"You have as soft a snap as if you were rich. What's the latest story you've been reading?"

"A story of a buried treasure. It was fine."

"That reminds me that the woman who lives in the upper floor of our house went to a Grand street fortune-teller the other day to find out if her husband was going to get a certain job he was after."

"What did she learn?"

"She told my mother that the fortune-teller was a fraud. The fortune-teller told her not to worry about the job, because her husband was going to find a buried treasure."

"Where?" asked Tommy, looking interested.

"The woman told the fortune-teller that she didn't want to hear anything about buried treasures, for her husband had been dinging that in her ears ever since they got married."

"Does he know anything about a buried treasure?" asked Tommy.

"Yes, he's always referring to his first wife," chuckled Bob.

It took Tommy some moments before he saw the point, and then he was so disappointed that he fetched Bob a rap in the chest that upset him, chair and all.

"Here, don't get so strenuous, Tommy," said Bob, getting up and reseating himself. "I'm not a punching-bag."

"You oughtn't to fool me that way. I'm interested in buried treasures. I'd like to find one like the hero did in the story."

"If you had to hustle a little more, like myself, you wouldn't be worrying your belfry about that kind of tommyrot. Did you hear that your boss had poured a lot of water into the stock of that company he's president of?"

"No, I didn't hear about it."

"Neither did I. It hasn't leaked out yet."

"For the love of Pete——" began Tommy, but at that moment the cashier called Bob over and gave him a message to carry out.

"Come on, Tommy," said Bob, grabbing his hat. "I'm going over to the Babcock Building."

The two boys went out together. It was quarter of four when they got back, and as there was nothing more for Bob to do that day, he and Tommy went around to the safe-deposit company, where Bob had lately rented a box. Bob took \$2,000 out of his roll and carried it around to the little bank, where he was just in time to buy 200 shares of D. & O., at 75.

"You'll be worth over \$5,000 when this deal is over," said Tommy. "I wish I was in your shoes."

"They wouldn't fit you, Tommy. Where are you going over the Fourth?"

"I don't expect to go anywhere, unless it is to Coney Island."

"I have an invitation from my boss to spend Saturday afternoon, Sunday and Monday at his cottage down at Springdale, Long Island."

"Is that so? You're in luck."

"That's the advantage of standing well with one's employer."

"Bosses don't usually invite their office boys to their summer homes."

"Well, you see, I'm a high-class office boy," chuckled Bob. "At any rate, he's invited me and I'm going to his place."

"Everything seems to be coming your way. I wish a few would come my way."

"What are you kicking about? Didn't you get hold of a bang-up tip? Seems to me you are in line to make \$500 without incurring any risk at all. That's better than taking a two-days' outing at your boss' country place."

"That's right, but see what you'll make out of it?"

"But I'm risking nearly all my capital. Suppose a screw should work loose in the syndicate's plans. Don't imagine because your boss and his friends are working this corner that they can't slip up in their calculations. Bigger men, financially, than Mr. Elkins have run against snags in the Wall Street game."

"Are you getting cold feet over the deal already?"

"No. I never get cold feet. When I go into a thing I stick it out. I feel reasonable sure that the Elkins syndicate is going to win. If I didn't I wouldn't put up my boney. I am merely telling you that it doesn't pay to be over-confident in Wall Street, for the unexpected is always happening, and that's what makes the game so beautifully uncertain."

The boys had reached Brooklyn Bridge by that time, where they parted, Tommy taking an elevated train at City Hall station, and Bob continuing his way home on foot.

CHAPTER VI.—The Attempted Burglary.

When Bob came to the office next morning he brought with him a small traveling-bag which contained the few things he needed for his two-day's stay at Springdale at Mr. Ford's summer cottage. As he had to catch the one o'clock train in Brooklyn, he left the office a little before noon, got his lunch at a restaurant and hiked up to the Brooklyn Bridge to get a car to take him to the Long Island depot. Bob got his train all right, and in the course of two hours and a half reached the station at Springdale, a quiet village close to the Sound.

A number of brokers, bankers and other men of wealth had built cottages at this place, which they occupied from the middle of June to about the middle of September, and they formed a colony entirely apart from the village itself, the site of the cottages being nearer the shore. Mr. Ford expected an unmarried broker as well as Bob by the one o'clock train, and was on hand at the station with his car to meet his visitors.

"Jump in, Bob," said Mr. Ford, after the visiting broker, whose name was Crosby, had taken his place on the front seat beside him.

Bob got in and was introduced to Russell Ford, his employer's son, who had come on purpose to take charge of him. They occupied the back seat, and the auto immediately started off down the road. Russell Ford was about Bob's age, and had just returned from a year's tour of Europe with his uncle. Bob had met him at the office before

he went away. It only took a few minutes to reach the cottage, which was a building of three stories, standing in the midst of a plot of ground, with a frontage on the tree-shaded street of two hundred feet.

Bob was duly presented to Mrs. Ford and Miss Belle Ford. After a short interval young Ford took Bob by the arm and showed him up to the back room on the second floor he was to occupy during his stay. Here Bob left his bag and soon afterwards started for the shore with his companion. Arriving there he found a number of bath-houses built and exclusively used by the members of the summer colony. There were three or four small pleasure sloop-yachts anchored off the beach, the property of certain members of the summer set. A score of boys in bathing suits were frolicking in and out of the water, and half a dozen girls were with them. Bob was introduced to those on the beach, and as a friend of Russell Ford's, was accepted on even terms with themselves. Being a good-looking boy, and possessing the personal magnetism that makes friends, Bob made a favorable impression, in spite of the fact that his clothes did not come out of a private tailoring establishment, but had been purchased ready made at a big Broadway store.

"Aren't you and your friend coming in, Russell?" asked a tony-looking lad.

"No; Bassett hasn't a suit, so we'll postpone our dip till the morning," replied young Ford.

Bob got on all right with the summer crowd, and all hands remained at the shore until half-past five when they started for their homes.

At seven o'clock Bob sat down to what was, to him, a swell dinner.

Not being accustomed to the regular course of procedure, he was nervous lest he made some glaring blunder.

By keeping his eyes open and watching Russell, who sat opposite to him, he got along all right, for at home his table manners had been as correct as circumstances called for, and thus it was not hard for him to accommodate himself to his new conditions.

When the meal was over the family and their visitors adjourned to the wide porch of the house facing the road, Russell and his sister devoting themselves to Bob's entertainment, just as if he was, socially, their own equal.

Bob had always thought Mr. Ford an uncommonly fine gentleman, and that sentiment now extended itself to his family.

Mrs. Ford and her two children certainly treated him very nicely.

The evening passed away to Bob's satisfaction, two sons and the daughter of a couple of neighbors coming over to make things pleasant for the young messenger.

At eleven o'clock Bob was in his room preparing to go to bed.

The cottage was equipped with electric light, furnished by a private plant put up and maintained by the owners at a pro rata cost.

In fact, almost everything was up-to-date in the Springdale colony.

Bob didn't get to sleep as soon as he did at home, probably because of his new surroundings, and the unusual quiet that reigned around the neighborhood.

In New York, at most any hour of the night, the air vibrated with near or distant sounds, so that it never was what might be called actually quiet.

However, he fell asleep at last, but along about two o'clock something aroused him and he sat up in bed.

"It feels awfully strange to be in the country," he muttered, starting to lie down again.

Then it was he heard a noise at his window, and looking in that direction saw the upper end of a ladder rising there. Such a strange circumstance caused him to spring out of bed and go over to the window. Looking out, he saw a couple of figures mounting the ladder. It struck him right away that the intruders must be thieves who intended entering the house through his room.

"I'll just give those chaps a warm reception," he said, looking around for something that would serve for a weapon. His eyes lighted on the water pitcher, which was almost full. He poured about half of the water into the bowl and carried that toward the window, which was up about three inches at the bottom, while the other sash was down an equal distance at the top.

The first man had his hands on the lower sash in the act of shoving it up, and Bob let him do it. The man raised it as far as it would go, and was in the act of lifting one foot to step in over the sill, when Bob let drive at him with the water. It caught the intruder full in the face and breast, and the shock as well as the surprise brought a loud exclamation from his lips and caused him to lose his balance. He fell backward, clutching frantically at the air, and fell downward, striking his companion below and sweeping him off the ladder by force of contact. Bob heard the thud of their falling bodies on the grass below, and dropping the bowl he looked out and saw them floundering about on the ground. He seized the end of the ladder and drew it up into the room, leaving about a third of it sticking out. When he looked out again he saw one of the men limping off around the house, supported by the other.

Bob went back to bed, but it was some time before he got asleep. When he awoke it was broad daylight, and the hour was eight o'clock. Somebody was knocking at his door. As the ladder was braced against it he had to move it before he could open it. Outside stood Mr. Ford in his pajamas. He stepped in, looked at the ladder and then at Bob.

"How came that ladder in your room, Bob?" he asked, clearly much mystified by the circumstance. "My gardener saw the end sticking out of the window and thought it his duty to report the matter to me," said the broker.

"I drew it in here some time during the night, for after what happened I did not think it safe to leave it either standing or lying outside," replied Bob.

"What happened?" asked Mr. Ford curiously.

Bob related the attempt made by the two men to enter the house through his window. The broker took the matter seriously. He said that two other houses in the colony had been robbed recently. He went to the window and looked out. The gardener was standing below.

"Give me a hand with the ladder, Bob, and we will put it down," said Mr. Ford.

The gardener received it and carried it away to the place where it belonged, whence the thieves had removed it to further their purpose. Mr. Ford related the incident at the breakfast-table, and said that but for the fact that Bob had awakened at the critical moment the house would doubtless have suffered the same cleaning out as the two other cottages. Hardly had they taken their seats on the porch after the meal than two boys belonging to the colony came on the scene and told Mr. Ford and those about him that their cottage had been robbed during the night and much valuable jewelry, among other things, taken.

"My gracious!" exclaimed Russell Ford. "How lucky we were to escape!"

CHAPTER VII.—Bob Gets Into a Tough Predicament.

The news of the third robbery in the colony, coupled with the attempt on Mr. Ford's cottage, which luckily proved abortive, circulated all over the place in a short time and before long reached the village. The detectives who were investigating the previous burglaries were off hunting some clue, and so the village constable was called in again to see if he could do anything. As he failed to do anything before, though he had done as well as the city detectives, little was expected of his efforts. He went over the house, pronounced the opinion that it was the work of the same burglars who had operated at the other houses, and then went away to call in the help of one of his deputies.

Bob was provided with a bathing suit, and went swimming with Russell Ford that morning about eleven. All the other boys and some of the girls were on hand, and Bob had a pleasant time with the bunch. The fact that he had put the burglars to flight at the Ford cottage was quite a feather in his hat and made him popular with the young people. The day passed quietly away, dinner being served early, and the boys and girls of the colony, as well as the village, looked forward to a red-hot time on the following day.

Those whose parents were the victims of the burglars were not as gay as they otherwise would have been, but they pulled no long faces over their misfortune, since their losses could be easily replaced. There was one thing in connection with the burglaries that puzzled the people and the detectives, and that was how the thieves had managed to get away with the large amount of plunder they had got possession of. The detectives were of the opinion that half a dozen men were engaged in the game, and that they had hidden their swag somewhere near the railroad.

Under this presumption they were at present working. At one place along the shore a creek ran into a farm for some distance. The ground was high on both sides of the creek and the edge of the water was bordered with cattails and rushes. Bob, Russell and his sister walked up there after dinner, but couldn't get across the creek at its mouth, which made a break in the beach. They followed it up into the farm till they reached a narrow spot crossed by a rustic bridge. They paused in the middle of the bridge and looked down into the clear water. Half

buried in the soft bottom Bob saw a silvery-looking object which he pointed out to his companions.

"That looks like a silver goblet," he said.

"It does, indeed," said Miss Belle. "How could it have got there?"

"That mug may be part of the plunder taken from one of the cottages. The burglars, while crossing this bridge, might have lost it out of a pocket or a bag," said Bob.

"By George, that looks reasonable," said Russell. "We must get it, and then we'll know whether you're right or not about it."

"How will we do it?" asked Bob. "The water is altogether too deep for us to get at it."

"Suppose you go up to the farmhouse and borrow a rake, or something that will pull it out?"

Bob said he would do so and started off. The farmer and his family were away visiting, and the hired man had taken advantage of their absence to go to the village to see a crony, so Bob found the place shut up and nobody around to lend him anything. He took the liberty, however, of hunting on his own hook, but saw nothing about the yard that would answer his purpose. While prowling around at the back of one of the outhouses he stepped on some pieces of board, supposing they were merely lying on the ground. It happened, however, that they had been put there to cover up the mouth of an old dry well which had been partly filled in with sand from the shore. The boards were somewhat rotten and gave way under the boy's weight. Down went Bob, quicker than a demon through a stage trap, and landed on the sand a dozen feet below. His head coming in contact with a projecting brick, he fell in a heap unconscious. Russell and his sister waited impatiently for the young messenger to come back with some instrument available for recovering the presumed silver goblet, but he didn't come.

"I wonder what can be keeping him?" he said.

Finally he suggested that they go on to the house themselves. This they did, at an easy pace, for they expected to meet Bob on the way. They saw no signs of him all the way to the farmyard, and he was not there, either, though Russell shouted to him.

"The folks appear to be away, so I guess Bob went somewhere else," said Russell. "We might as well go back to the bridge."

This they did, and waited there till indications of dusk began to appear.

"It's getting too late to do anything toward recovering that goblet, even if Bob showed up now," said Russell. "I can't imagine where he could have gone. We'd better go home, Belle, and leave him to find his own way there. There isn't much danger of his getting lost. New York messenger boys are too clever for that."

So brother and sister retraced their steps to the shore and walked home, half expecting to find that Bob had got back before them. In the meantime Bob lay in an unconscious heap at the bottom of the dry well. Darkness gradually fell on the landscape. The hired man returned to feed the stock and milk the cows, and that with other duties employed his time up to eight o'clock. He put the horse in the barn, gave him a supply of oats, and went to his room to turn in for the night. It was about this time that Bob came to

his senses. His first impression was a confused one. He was in a dark, contracted place, and it was some moments before he realized how he got there. Then he remembered the tumble he got. Feeling around, his fingers touched a circular wall of brick.

"I must have fallen into a well, and yet there seems to be no water in it," he said to himself. "I guess it's an old abandoned one, for it's at the back of the small barn. It's a nice trap I've fallen into."

He looked up and saw a patch of sky bright with stars.

"I'm afraid I've got to stay here till morning and perhaps longer, as it is doubtful if any one will come near this unused well. It looks as if I was in a pretty bad fix."

Bob felt for the match safe he always carried in his pocket and struck a match. He saw that he had alighted in the sand, which had broken his fall in a measure, and the broken boards had fallen in with him. When he turned around he saw a gaping hole in the side of the well. Two bags full of something was stuffed into it. Bob wondered what was in them, and whether they had been put there to fill up the hole. Curiosity induced him to look closer at one of them. It was tied with a piece of rope which he readily undid. He struck another match and opened the mouth of the bag. Something bright fell out. He picked it up and found it was a silver milk pitcher.

"Why, this must be the plunder those rascals stole from the houses," he thought. "This is a great discovery. If I could only climb out of here, I'd soon get somebody here to remove the stolen property."

The discovery he had made greatly increased Bob's anxiety to get out of the dry well, but he saw no way of accomplishing it. The minutes passed, during which he more fully inspected the contents of the bag, and still he remained like a rat in a trap. So three hours passed drearily away to Bob, and midnight came. He had given up all hope of rescue till the morning, and was dozing with his back against the side of the well when he suddenly heard voices above. Then a heavy rope came dropping down and the end of it struck the young messenger in the face. He seized hold of it and stood up. An opaque body obscured a part of the opening, and the next moment a man slid down and landed beside him. The man's hands came in contact with him and, with an imprecation, the fellow grabbed him.

"Who in thunder are you, and what are you doing down here?" he said.

Bob was satisfied that he was in the grip of one of the burglars.

"I'm a boy, and I fell into this place several hours ago," he said.

"Hello!" cried a voice from above. "What are you talking down there for, Mike? Why don't you send up one of the bags? We haven't any time to fool away."

"I've found a boy down here," replied Mike.

"A boy!" cried the voice. "How came he there?"

"He says he fell in here."

There was a pause, during which a consultation took place above.

"Tell him to climb up the rope," said the voice.

"Take hold of this rope and climb out, youngster," said Mike.

Bob was glad to do so, though he had some doubts about his reception above. As soon as he scrambled out of the mouth of the well he was laid hold of by two men.

"Come, now, give an account of yourself. Who are you?" asked one of them.

"I'm just a plain boy," replied Bob.

"Hello, up there!" shouted Mike.

"What do you want?" asked the man who had done all the speaking on top.

"One of these bags has been tampered with. Hold on to that boy."

"Look here, young fellow, you found a couple of bags full of stuff down there. Did you open one of them? Don't lie, for you are the only person who could have done it."

"Suppose I did—what of it?" asked Bob desperately.

"You know what's in them, don't you?"

"I have an idea of what's in the top of the one I opened," admitted Bob.

"And you suspect why the bags are in the well?"

"What should I suspect?" asked Bob evasively.

"I guess you know too much, so we'll have to hold on to you for a while. Tie his legs together, Joe, while I hold him. After we get the bags on board the sloop we'll decide what we'll do with this chap."

Bob's legs were bound together, a handkerchief tied across his mouth, and he was shoved aside while the two men proceeded to get up the bags by means of the rope.

CHAPTER VIII.—In the Hands of the Burglars.

The young messenger felt that in getting out of the dry well he had fallen from the frying-pan into the fire, as the saying is, and it was a question which predicament was the worse of the two.

Undoubtedly the three men were the crooks who had robbed the three summer cottages, but it did not seem to Bob, from what he had heard about the losses sustained by the families in question, that all the plunder the men had secured could be contained in those two bags.

What was in the well must be the result of the last burglary, which the rascals were about to remove for the purpose of disposing of it.

It looked to Bob as if they had carried their previous swag to New York, and either hidden it there or sold it for what they could realize on it.

"These fellows suspect that I have learned enough about the contents of the bag while I was in the well to form my own conclusions as to where it came from, and they don't mean to let me get away and give the information out. I can hardly expect anything else than that they'll drop me back into the well as soon as the bags are out of it, and they might even hunt up boards to re-cover the mouth so that my shouts can't be heard. In such an event I might see my finish there," thought Bob, not a little upset by the prospect of what he believed was in store for him.

As soon as the second bag reached the surface the rope was dropped down so that Mike could climb up.

"What are you going to do with the boy?" he asked the leader of the bunch.

"We can't afford to let him go, so we'll take him aboard the sloop and lock him in the cabin."

"What's the matter with putting him back into the well?" said Mike. "He'll be safe there, and we won't have the trouble of looking after him."

"No," said the leader, "that won't do."

"Why won't it? I think it's the best thing we can do with him."

"He'd be sure to set up a toot as soon as daylight came, and the farmer or his man would be likely to hear him and pull him out. Then he'll blow the gaff."

"We can find some more boards and cover the mouth of the well over. That would drown all the cries he could make."

"And if he had to stay there he would probably starve to death."

"What do we care what happens to him?"

"If we put him back and he died there, it would be no better than murder, and that isn't in my line."

"He butted into our business of his own accord."

"No, he didn't. He says he fell in and the remains of the boards show that he did. He got into the well by accident, and discovered what was down there while trying to get out. He'll be safe in the forward hold of the sloop. We can keep him there under our eyes as long as is necessary, after which we can let him go."

"We'll have to feed him, and he'll probably give us more or less trouble."

"There isn't any use of arguing the matter, Mike; we're going to take him aboard and keep him there."

"All right. You're running this business. If you run it into the ground it won't be my fault," growled Mike.

"I haven't heard you kick against my authority before."

"You've done things all right, and if you think it's right to take the boy aboard the sloop, why, take him. I have my ideas, but as they don't count in this case I'll shut up."

Bob's arms were bound and his feet were freed. Mike and Jim each shouldered a bag of plunder and started for the creek. The leader, taking Bob by the arm, told him to step out. Bob had heard every word of the conversation, so he did not need to be told where he was going. He was to be held prisoner on a sloop in the possession of these crooks until they had no further reason for detaining him. That wasn't a cheerful outlook, but, on the whole, it was better than being left at the bottom of the dry well. The walk to the creek was a short one and there, moored close under the shadow of the shore, Bob saw a small black sloop lying low in the water. Two men were sitting aft smoking their pipes. They jumped up at the approach of the party and lent a hand in getting the hulk on board. They were carried down into the small cabin, the roof of which was almost flush with the deck. Without the loss of any time the leader ordered the mooring rope cast off from the tree and the jib hoisted.

This was done, and two of the men, using a long pole, pushed the sloop's head around till it pointed down the creek. The night breeze filled the jib and the little craft gathered way.

As she opened up the entrance into the Sound the mainsail was run up and the sloop glided out into the Sound. During these operations Bob had been standing in the cock-pit, near the steering gear, under the watchful eye of the man who was managing affairs, and whose name he subsequently found out was Benson. Benson held on to the wheel with one hand while he retained his grip on the boy's arm with the other. As soon as the sloop was on her way, he called Mike to take the wheel, pushed Bob up on the deck and marched him forward to the open hatch.

"Fetch me a lantern, Jim," he said to that individual.

"Now, young man," said Benson to the boy, "I'm going to give you a free lodging in the hold till further notice. You'll find your quarters more roomy than the well, and you'll share in the same fare that the rest of us eat. I haven't anything against you, but I guess you understand why we have to hold on to you. When this little enterprise of ours is finished we'll let you go."

Bob made no reply to the man's speech, for he knew that any protest he might make wouldn't do him any good. He knew better than to kick against a stone wall, but firmly resolved to make his escape if he could. Jim now appeared with the lantern.

"Jump into the hold," said Benson. "It isn't over seven feet; so you needn't be afraid."

The speaker took the lantern from Jim and flashed the light down to show the boy the way. Bob jumped and the two men followed him. He was led forward to a stanchion close to the bulkhead which separated the hold from the cooking-room in the bow. His arms were released and with the same rope he was tied, not over-tight, to the upright beam. A box was brought for him to sit on, and then the men left him to the company of his own thoughts, and then they put the hatch over the opening about two-thirds of its length.

"Well, it's clear that I won't sleep at Mr. Ford's house to-night," thought Bob. "I shall lose my tea, too, and the family will wonder what has become of me. I dare say Russell and the gardener will go around looking for me, but they will only have their trouble for their pains. I'd like to know where this craft is bound. Further along the shore, I suppose, to some place where these chaps can pull off another robbery. They seem to be working the business in a wholesale way. That's why they have this sloop. Water leaves no tracks, so the detectives, who have no line on their methods, have failed to land them. The sloop must have been elsewhere last night, or there would have been no need for the men to stow their plunder for the time being in the dry well. That looks as if they worked two places at once. They must be an enterprising bunch. They certainly have no lack of nerve to pay three visits in a week to the Springdale colony, knowing, as they must have, that detectives were on the job. The smartest men sometimes make mistakes, and I hope these fellows have made a mistake in carrying me off with them. I'm only a

boy, but I reckon I can do as much in a pinch as some men."

The sloop sailed along within half a mile of the shore for about two hours, and finally put in straight for a line of cliffs that ran along the shore for a short distance. The tide was high, consequently the beach along the foot of the cliffs was entirely covered with water, which beat softly against the rocks. To one unacquainted with this particular locality it would have looked a strange proceeding to head a boat for a line of rising rocks. Benson and his associates, however, knew what they were about. They knew exactly where they would strike an opening that would carry the little craft into a land-locked basin where the water even at low tide was deep enough to float the sloop, and where she could not be seen except by some one standing on the highest point of the cliffs and looking straight down. This was where the sloop had her rendezvous when not away on a mission.

Benson was thoroughly familiar with this haven, and on the strength of it had planned his marine enterprises, which so far had proved a great success. They had committed four other robberies besides the three at Springdale, and while officers were hunting the railroad villages along the north shore division of the Long Island road, the five crooks were laughing in their sleeves at the ease with which they were able to throw their pursuers off the scent. It was after midnight when the sloop came to anchor in the cove, but long before that Bob had fallen asleep, with his head bent forward on his chest, which was not the most comfortable way in the world for a person to woo slumber.

Leaving one of their number to stand a two-hour watch, with his pipe for a companion, the others turned into their narrow bunks in the cabin. As there was no moon that night the darkness in the cove was as deep as it ever was under a starlit sky. At any rate, it was deep enough to hide the black boat, with her rusty furled sails from any one who might have passed over the cliffs at that hour, but there was little fear of any one taking such a nocturnal stroll. Under these circumstances a watch was almost superfluous, but Benson insisted on it, for he wasn't taking any chances.

CHAPTER IX.—Bob Makes His Escape.

It was the darkest hour before dawn, between three and four at that season, and the chap who had relieved the first man on watch was nodding over his pipe, when Bob awoke with a start. It was probably his uncomfortable attitude which interfered with a continuance of his slumber. He noticed right away that the sloop was at rest, and he came to the correct conclusion that she had ended her cruise for the present, and was ~~moored~~ somewhere along the shore, but whether that was Long Island or Connecticut he could not tell. He figured that the crooks might consider it a safe policy to run over to the latter State between jobs, the more thoroughly to throw discovery off their track. He listened for sounds on deck that would indicate that his captors, or some of them, were up there, but he didn't hear a sound.

"I wonder if they've all turned in?" he thought. "If that is the case, I must get busy and steal a march on them."

Before going to sleep he had tried his bonds and discovered that it wouldn't take a great deal of exertion to free himself. He had postponed trying it while the vessel was under sail, for unless he was prepared to jump overboard into the Sound at some distance from shore, which he wasn't, liberty was of little use to him. Now, however, the case was different, or at least he thought it was, so he got busy and within a quarter of an hour he had got rid of his bonds. The hatch had been moved further over across the opening so that only a narrow slit of the starry heavens was visible to him. He placed the box under it and stepped on it. This brought his head against the hatch opening and he listened again.

Everything was quiet. Encouraged by the stillness outside, he gripped the hatch and, exerting his strength, shoved it back an inch. It made no great sound, so he forced it back another inch, and then a third one. The opening was now wide enough for him to shove his head through. His eyes being accustomed to the darkness of the hold, he had no difficulty in making out the dim outline of the sloop and the motionless figure of the watcher bent over the wheel, asleep. He was puzzled to account for the darkness around the vessel, for he had expected to see the waters of the Sound. The water of the little cove was invisible to him, as the gloom of the spot made it as black as ink. Looking upward and noticing that only a patch of sky was visible, as if the craft had been lowered into a deep cistern, he finally reached the solution of the situation, that the boat had run into some spot sheltered by tall rocks, which concealed it from the Sound.

"One of those chaps is on the watch, I see," he said to himself. "He's sure to see me when I start to get out."

A few minutes' inspection of the watcher, however, convinced him that the man was dozing at his post.

"The others are doubtless asleep below. Well, here goes to make the venture."

He pushed the hatch over far enough to make room for his body to pass through, and he was about to get out when it struck him that he might be able to secure the watcher if he brought the rope along which had been used to tie him to the stanchion. He stepped down off the box, struck a match and found it. Then he took a look around the hold to see what was in it. There was an oblong box labeled "Starch." Two more beside it bore the imprint of a well-known soap manufacturer. Also two almost square boxes with the word "Soups" on them. There were also several empty boxes which had originally held a brand of canned goods. A number of bars of pig-iron lay along the bottom, serving as ballast. That's all Bob could see. He mounted the box and looked aft again. The watcher was still in the same position.

"He's asleep, all right," he breathed, and at once pulled himself on deck.

Pulling off his shoes, he slipped over to the cock-pit. The cabin door was open.

"If I tackle that chap he'll yell out, which will awaken the others and bring the bunch out in

double-quick time. Then my name will be mud," he figured.

The door opened outward in two sections, and Bob wondered if it could be secured when shut. Examining one-half of the door, he saw a hasp hanging down it. Looking at the other half, he saw a padlock with a key.

"Good! I'll just lock the four crooks in and take my chance with the other," he said.

Dropping over into the cock-pit, he softly closed the doors and locked them, putting the key in his pocket. Then he made a slip-noose at one end of the rope, dropped it over the sleeper's head and hauled it tight in a twinkling. The watcher woke up and started up. Bob pushed him over and knotted the rope. Whisking out his pocket handkerchief, he gagged the struggling, half-awake man.

"Lie still or I'll drop you overboard," said the boy.

Picking up a coil of line, he wound it around the man's legs and once or twice about his body. That left the man utterly helpless. The unlighted lantern stood near the wheel. Bob lit it and flashed the light around on the water and the cove. The bow of the sloop was several yards from the rocky sides of the haven, while the stern was farther away. There seemed to be no way of reaching the rocks without swimming for them, and even at that he could see no place where he could get a foothold. He went forward and saw that the sloop was held by a rope evidently attached to an anchor. Then he saw the pole the men had used in the creek. With that he could push the stern over to the rocks on either side, but that would avail him nothing if he couldn't get up the rocks. He was master of the situation in one way, but the situation was apparently master of him in another. He wondered how he was going to get out of his dilemma.

At length he decided to pole the sloop over to the port side and examine the rocks at closer range. This he proceeded to do, and then to his satisfaction he saw a path leading to the top of the cove, which he had not noticed before. Putting on his shoes, he sprang on the rocks with a stern-line, which he made fast to a boulder. With the lantern in his hand he started up the inclined path as fast as he dared go, and soon reached the top of the low cliffs. Day was beginning to break in the east. He started off to find a house. The ground back of the cliffs gradually sloped down till he struck a level stretch of grassy land. Following this, he came to a road. The sky was now much lighter and he could make out objects at a short distance. Taking to the road, in ten minutes he saw a farmhouse. He turned in at a lane, which brought him to the yard where a man was opening the door of the barn. The man regarded Bob with some curiosity.

"Good morning!" said the young messenger. "I have just left a sloop anchored in a cove yonder and I want to find a village. How will I reach the nearest one, and how far off is it?"

"If you follow the road that way you'll come to Redlawn, a small village and summer resort on the railroad. It's about two miles from here."

"Much obliged. I'll go on there."

It was close on to five and the sun was up when he reached it. Hardly anybody was stirring on the streets, save a few boys who were begin-

ning the celebration of the Fourth. Bob tackled a bunch of three.

"This is Redlawn, isn't it?" he said.

"Yes," replied one, apparently surprised at the question, for he took Bob for a summer visitor and thought he ought to know where he was.

"Where can I find a constable?"

"What you want with one?" asked the boy, while the bunch regarded him with added curiosity.

"I want to see him on important business."

"I dunno where you'll find him," said the boy, thinking Bob wanted to see the officer who patrolled the place at night.

"Is there only one constable in this place?"

"There's three. Mr. Smith lives down the street."

"I'll give you a dime if you'll take me to his house."

The offer was too tempting to be turned down, particularly as the constable lived only a short distance away. The boy said he'd do it for the dime, so Bob handed him the money and they started off together.

"That's where he lives," said the boy presently, pointing at a house.

"All right, sonny. You can run back now."

The boy started on a run to rejoin his companions, with a vision of ten cents' worth of additional firecrackers in his mind's eye. Bob pounded on the constable's door for some little time before he got any response, then a window was opened above and Smith, in undress attire, stuck out his head.

"What's wanted?" he asked impatiently.

"You are," replied Bob.

"Who wants me?"

"I do."

"What do you want with me? Who are you, anyway?"

"My name is Bob Bassett, and I live in New York."

"Oh, you're a summer visitor, I suppose?"

"You suppose wrong. I've come here from Springdale."

"Springdale! That's twenty miles west of here."

"As far as that? I came by a sloop, shut up in the hold, so I didn't take any notice of the distance. Have you heard of the robberies last week in Springdale?"

"Yes, and I had a wire to look out for the burglars."

"All right. You get into your clothes and I'll show you where they are."

"What's that?"

"Come down and I'll give you all the particulars."

"Have they robbed a house or tried to do it here?"

"I guess not. There are five of them on a sloop which is anchored about two miles from here."

"How do you know that?"

"I know it, all right, for they carried me off from Springdale last night."

"They did?" said the constable incredulously.

"Yes, but I turned the tables on them by locking four of them in the cabin, while I tied the fifth up hand and foot on deck. If you do the rush act, you will be able to capture them before

they break out of the cabin. But you'll need help. Better scare up four or five men to help you, for they are likely to give you considerable trouble. As they are probably armed, you want to have weapons enough to show them that you mean business. All the plunder is on board the sloop."

"Say, young man, are you trying to fool me?"

"No, I'm not. Hurry up."

"Run along. I'm not going on any wild-goose chase."

The constable slammed down the window and returned to bed.

"Well, of all the hayseed lobsters he takes the cake," said Bob, in a tone of disgust. "There's a reward of \$2,000 offered for the capture of those men and the recovery of the stolen property. He could have got that by catching them. Now what am I going to do?"

He saw a boatman walking down to the wharf.

"I'll go over and have a talk with that man. Maybe he'll be able to suggest something," thought Bob.

He followed the boatman to the wharf. Introducing himself, he laid the situation before him and told him how the constable had turned him down.

"You say the sloop is in a cove two miles and a half from here?"

"Yes."

"I know the place. You've got the men locked in the cabin?"

"Four of them are. The other is tied on deck."

"You're a pretty smart young chap. You say there's a reward for their capture?"

"Yes—two thousand dollars."

The boatman pondered a moment.

"It's half-past five now. Do you think it would be safe for us to run over to the cove and try to bring the sloop around here?"

"Will you do it?" cried Bob excitedly. "If I knew how to sail a boat I would have run the sloop out myself and taken her to Springdale. Then I'd have got the reward. You can do it, and I'll back you up. Have you got a revolver?"

"Yes. How much reward is offered for the capture of the thieves and the recovery of the stolen property?" said the boatman.

"Two thousand dollars."

"I'll go, and we'll divide it between us. A thousand dollars will be a regular windfall to me. We'll sail the sloop to Springdale and hand the fellows over to the head constable there. You are sure the people will pay the reward?"

"They can easily afford to do it, and they won't go back on their word. One of the robbed gentlemen has offered \$1,000 and the other two have offered \$500 each. Mr. Ford, whom I'm stopping with, and who I work for in Wall Street, will see that you get your share, at any rate, when I tell him that you are entitled to it."

"All right. I'll take your word for it. Step aboard and we'll be off."

Inside of two minutes the catboat was heading out into the Sound.

CHAPTER X.—Bob Tries to Land the Burglars.

In a few minutes the boatman, whose name was Carter, altered his course to the west, and they sailed along parallel with the shore. It took

about half an hour for them to make the entrance to the cove, which was easily discernible in the daylight. The sloop lay out of sight in the basin inside, and Bob was in a fever of anxious suspense lest the burglars, on awaking, had broken out and made their escape in the sloop. As it was still early, just six when they headed in to the cliffs, Bob was in hopes that the burglars in the cabin had not yet woke up. He was sure he had tied the chap on deck too securely, and gagged him too effectually for him to give the alarm. Under these circumstances he had hopes that all would turn out well.

"Stand by to drop the mains'l, young man," said Carter, "then go forward with the boathook and fend off from the rocks."

Bob stood ready to let go the sheet which was fastened to a cleat at the foot of the mast. In a few moments he got the word, and down came the sail. As he picked up the boathook the catboat shot into the channel, and by the time he reached the bow they were in the cove. There lay the sloop just as he left her two hours before. The prisoner was as helpless as ever, and the door of the cabin was still closed by the hasp and padlock. Bob fended the catboat off from the rocks, and when she lost all her way he pulled alongside the sloop.

"Everything is all serene," he said to the boatman.

"Good!" returned Carter, in a tone of satisfaction. "The game is in our hands."

He saw that the sloop was anchored, so he told Bob to step on board of her, and followed himself.

"I guess we'll get this chap out of our way," he said, after he had made his mooring-line fast to the sloop's stern. "Help me lift him aboard of my boat."

Between them they carried the rascal into the cabin of the catboat. The fellow could speak only with his eyes, and they glared fiercely at the boy and the boatman. Returning to the sloop, Carter and Bob hoisted the anchor on deck, and the noise they made aroused one or more of the sleepers in the cabin. The rascal who first started to get out must have been astonished to find the door shut and secured on the outside. He pounded on it and shouted to his comrades, whom he supposed was on the watch outside.

"They've woke up," said Bob. "There'll be trouble in a minute. Where's your revolver?"

"In one of the lockers aboard my boat. We have time enough to get it as soon as we get the sloop's head around," said Carter.

While they were performing that maneuver the burglars had awoke to the fact that something was wrong, and they began pounding and kicking furiously on the door. Bob was nervous lest the door might give way under the assault, and he told the boatman to get the weapon and let him have it.

"If they burst the door open, I'll hold them in subjection and shoot if it is necessary," he said.

As the ramus at the door was taking on a serious look Carter got his six-shooter and handed it to Bob. The young messenger pounded with the butt on the door.

"Hello, in there!" he said.

"Hello, yourself! Open the door and let us out!" said a voice he recognized as Benson's.

"Couldn't think of it. You're too dangerous."

I've got you cooped up in there, and I'm going to keep you there. I've got a revolver and if you smash the door, I'll shoot. I'm not going to take any chances with you fellows."

A volley of imprecations was hurled at him from the bunch inside.

"Are you the boy we brought on board?" asked Benson.

"Yes. I got out of the hold where you put me and I've taken charge of the sloop."

"Are you alone?"

"No, I'm not alone. I've got enough help here to handle you chaps so you had better be good."

A short silence followed, during which the imprisoned burglars held a consultation as to what they were going to do. By that time Carter had worked the sloop's head around and was hoisting the mainsail. The noise made by the hoops around the masts and the creaking of the rope passing through the blocks was heard by the burglars and they became desperate, for they easily guessed that they were to be carried somewhere and given up to the authorities. Benson pounded on the door.

"Hey, young fellow, what are you going to do with us?" he asked.

"You'll find out in time."

"Say, we'll make a deal with you. Let us out and we'll give you \$600 in cash we have here."

"No go," replied Bob. "There's a reward of \$2,000 offered for you fellows and that's better than your \$600, and a safer proposition, too."

"If you don't open the door, we'll shoot through it."

"Shoot away. I can shoot, too, remember."

Carter was now poling the sloop out through the chanel, with the catboat dragging behind.

"Better make a deal with us, young fellow," said Benson.

"Nothing doing in that line," returned Bob.

Silence followed, and then, as the sloop's sail caught the breeze and Carter shouted to Bob to pull the wheel to the starboard, which would turn the craft's head to port, or to the left, there was a crash on the door as two of the burglars threw their bodies against it. The door shook and seemed on the point of parting. Bob was alarmed at the prospect, and he fired at the door. The bullet passed through the wood and wounded one of the rascals, as the boy could tell by the cry he gave.

"If you do that again, I'll give you a second shot," said Bob.

Two pistols shots answered him, and two bullets whizzed close by the boy. Bob altered his position in haste. Matters were beginning to look kind of desperate, for if he or Carter stood at the wheel there was every chance that they would be hit. Carter saw that, too.

"Get them in conversation a few moments while I lash the wheel," he said, in a low tone. "The wind is light and the sloop will follow her course."

"Hello, in there!" said Bob, from his new position.

"Talk away," said Benson.

"Will you give up all your plunder if we let you escape?"

A short silence followed, and he heard the men talking inside.

"We'll give you half of it," said Benson finally.

"That won't do. How much money did you say you had?"

"Six hundred dollars."

"See if you haven't got some more."

"We haven't any more."

"Have you got all the plunder in the cabin?"

"Yes."

That wasn't true, but it suited the burglars to have Bob believe it.

"All right," whispered Carter to Bob, springing out of the cockpit.

"I guess I won't make any bargain with you fellows. I can do better by handing you over to the Springdale authorities."

With those words he hopped on deck himself. Another chorus of imprecations followed this reply, and two more shots were fired in the direction of his voice. Carter dragged the hatch over the opening and sat on it with the boathook within reach. There was another crash on the cabin door, but the wood and the hasp held fast. The burglars then held another pow-wow. One of them looked through the bullet holes in the door, but could see no one in the cock-pit. The result of their talk was another desperate attack on the door, smashing at the wood with the butts of their revolvers. Under such a fusillade something was bound to give, for the door was not made to withstand such an attack.

One of the narrow pieces of which the door was composed gave way, and the bottom half was wrenched out. Through this hole Benson, revolver in hand, glared, ready to shoot at the steersman, but he saw nobody at the wheel, nor any one in the cock-pit at all. His surprise disappeared when he saw that the wheel was lashed. He comprehended at once why this had been done. He thrust out his arm and felt for the padlock to see if the key was in it. Bob, who saw what the extended arm was about, grabbed up the boathook, and hit the arm a heavy whack. Benson uttered a cry of pain and pulled in his arm. The attack was renewed on the door by the others and another board knocked out. This encouraged the rascals, and they continued their efforts to demolish the door. The boatman got up and took the boathook, while Bob stood ready to use the revolver. They were sailing along within an eighth of a mile of the shore, and it was getting on to seven. Bob could see early risers here and there at a distance.

Carter said they would soon pass a summer hotel and landing-place, together with a bunch of cottages, but he didn't see that that fact would do them any good, since it was out of the question for them to alter their course to put in shore, for the burglars had the cock-pit covered with their weapons.

"Then we won't be able to run into the wharf at Springdale when we come to it," said Bob.

"The tide is making in. We'll lower the sail when we sight the place and then the tide will sweep us close enough to the beach to signal for help," said the boatman.

"But before that time we shall surely have a run-in with the rascals," said the young messenger.

"I guess we can manage them if you shoot quick and straight."

"I'll look out for that. They are taking des-

perate chances, for only one can get out at once."

The third board was beaten out and Mike stuck his head and shoulders out of the opening, with a revolver in his hand. He saw Bob peering over the end of the cabin roof and he raised his weapon in that direction. Before he could pull the trigger, Bob drew back. While Mike waited for him to look over again, he offered a splendid mark for the boatman, who was at the other side of the cabin roof. He brought the boathook down on Mike's neck and put him out of business for the time being. The revolver dropped out of his nerveless fingers and Carter shoved it out of reach of the door with the end of the implement. The fellow's companions drew him back into the cabin, and the doing up of Mike somewhat cooled their impetuosity. While this was going on the two boats glided by the summer hotel and cottages. Ten minutes elapsed before the burglars made another move, and that was to beat out another board, which pretty well demolished the door, though it left the framework intact.

There was now space enough to permit the rascals to get out of the cabin, but the framework of the door prevented them from making a combined rush. The only way they could get out was by shoving a leg through first and following it with their body, and that would expose them to a shot from above or a crack from the boathook. As the case stood, the advantage was yet with Bob and the boatman.

At this point Benson tried to reopen negotiations, but Bob wouldn't listen to him. None of the three rascals, one of whom was slightly wounded by Bob when he fired through the door, would run the risk of getting out by himself, and so matters stood while the boats continued along on their course. They probably realized that the game was up for them, but they intended to make a desperate fight before they were taken. At length Springdale wharf and the bath-houses came in sight, and Carter lowered the sail half-way.

This maneuver attracted the attention of the burglars, and one of them ventured to look out. Bob was standing above the cabin door with the boathook. He lowered it suddenly, gripped the man by the collar of his jacket and calling on Carter for help, pulled for all he was worth. The fellow struggled to escape, but could not. While Carter held on to him, Bob shoved the revolver against his face and told him to give up. The fellow saw he had no show, and suddenly threw up his hands. Bob threw a slip-knot over one of his wrists, hauled the line taut, and tied it. In this position the man's body blocked up a good part of the opening. He was told that he would be knocked on the head if he tried to get out any further. The sloop's progress was now much slower and they began to draw broadside on to the shore. She was close in by the time they got within hail of the wharf, where several boatmen were watching their approach. Carter went forward and shouted to them, saying that he needed help. One of the men put off in a row-boat.

"What's the trouble?" he asked, as he came near.

Carter explained the situation in a few words, handed the man the bow line, and asked him to

pull them in to the wharf. He then let the balance of the sail drop. In a few minutes the sloop was hauled in and made fast. One of the boatmen consented to go for the constable, who was to be told to fetch plenty of help with him, as there were two men with revolvers at liberty in the cabin. In half an hour the constable and three men appeared. Bob told him that they had captured the burglars and that the plunder was on board.

"You'll have to finish the job, for two of them are at liberty in the cabin," he said.

The party stepped aboard and took charge of the rascal Bob had triced up. The others were then called on to give up and come out. Further resistance was useless, so they came out when the framework of the door was unlocked by Bob, and were handcuffed. The sloop was taken possession of by the constable's deputy, who remained on board until the booty was removed. Part of it was found in the cabin, and the rest in the boxes in the hold.

CHAPTER XI.—Bob Makes a Bunch of Money.

Bob reached Mr. Ford's cottage at nine o'clock, while the family and the visiting broker were at breakfast, and, of course, an explanation was in order.

"Where have you been, Bob?" asked Broker Ford.

"I've been several places since I left Russell and Miss Belle yesterday afternoon to go to the farmhouse for a rake—the first place was the bottom of a dry well," replied Bob, as he took his seat at the table.

"At the bottom of a dry well?" exclaimed the puzzled broker. "What do you mean?"

"The quickest way will be to tell my story, but as it's a long and exciting one perhaps you'll let it go till after breakfast."

"Very well," said his employer, unconscious of the sensation that his office boy was presently to spring on them.

Nothing more was said on the subject, as it was seen that Bob was hungry, but Russell and his sister were particularly curious to learn the boy's story.

"I am ready to tell my story now," said Bob, after finishing his coffee.

"Then we'll adjourn to the porch," said Mr. Ford.

Everybody rose and walked out there.

"As I'm going to surprise you all, I might as well do it first as last," began Bob.

"What's the surprise?" asked Mr. Ford.

"I've captured the burglars who robbed the houses in this colony."

"You've done what?"

Bob repeated the statement, adding:

"And with the help of a Redlawn boatman I've brought them here, five of them, and handed them over to the constable. All the stolen property, I understand, is on board the sloop the rascals used to travel along the shore in."

"Why, how did you accomplish this feat which has baffled the detectives and the constables up and down the shore?" asked the broker.

"My story will explain that."

Bob began from the moment of reaching the

temporarily deserted farm, and went right on telling everything the reader already knows till he reached the end of it. He certainly astonished his audience. If they needed any confirmation it came with the appearance of a bunch of Russell's summer friends, who came to bring the news of the capture of the burglars. These lads did not know that Bob was the boy who had figured so prominently in the affair, and their surprise was great when they were told. Needless to say that Bob was the hero of Springdale that glorious Fourth, and he carried his honors with due modesty.

The gentlemen who had been robbed called to see him and hear his story, and they each handed him a check for the amount they had offered as a reward. The boatman came in for his share of commendation, and he remained at Springdale the greater part of the day. Bob indorsed the \$1,000 check and handed it to him, telling him he could get it cashed through the bank at Redlawn. The burglars were brought before the justice about eleven o'clock. They pleaded not guilty. No one was able to identify them as the actual thieves, but the property stolen from the three families of the colony, and found on their sloop, was considered evidence enough to hold them on, so the justice remanded them to the county jail to stand trial. Bob had a dandy Fourth and was sorry to part company with his new friends, but he had to take an early train next morning for Brooklyn, and he walked into the office a little after ten. Business was a bit slow that day, hardly a corporal's guard of brokers being in town. Tommy Toppleton showed up at noon to tell Bob that he was going to a baseball game that afternoon and was going up early.

"My boss isn't in town, and I wouldn't have come down at all, only I was told to be there till noon in case anybody called," he said.

"So you're off now for the day?" said Bob.

"That's what. I'm going to lunch. Can't you come?"

"I guess I can, for there isn't a whole lot doing."

Bob spoke to the cashier and got permission to go, and the boys started for a quick-lunch house in Pine street. Bob then told Tommy all that had happened down at Springdale. Tommy was amazed at his story about the capture of the burglars.

"You ought to get something for that," said Tommy.

"I got half of the reward."

"What was the reward?"

"Two thousand dollars."

"And you got a thousand?"

"I did."

"Talk about luck, you're rolling in it. Say, you'd better put that into D. & O., and you'll make more out of it."

"I've already done that. I bought another 100 shares this morning, so you'll get a larger rake-off than you expected if things turn out all right."

"Good for you. I ought to make seven or eight hundred dollars. My, I'll be rich, and I can speculate on my own hook if I get hold of another tip."

Mr. Ford came to town next day, and most of the other absent traders showed up at their of-

fices. Bob, who had bought 25 shares of D. & O. for the stenographer as soon as she brought him the money, thought he would do Mrs. Wicks another good turn, since it would cost him nothing. So he wrote her a note, telling her to get in on the stock right away and hold it for a fifteen-point rise.

"Keep this quiet," he added, in a postscript, "for it is only intended for you as a particular favor. Now, don't fail to buy at once before the price goes higher, and also remember that you had better watch the stock close, for even the best tips in the world might go astray, and I don't want you to lose money on one of mine."

On the following day Bob received a letter of thanks from another of the people who had been robbed by the burglars, inclosing a check for \$100.

"Small favors thankfully received," he said to himself, putting the check in his pocket.

He showed the letter and the check to Mr. Ford later on.

"Indorse it, and my cashier will give you the money," said the broker.

When Bob saw Tommy again he told him about the \$100.

"My! it's raining money with you," said Tommy.

"I wouldn't mind being snowed under by bank-notes. Would you, Tommy?"

"I'll take all that's thrown at me."

"Does your boss keep you busy since the syndicate started?"

"So-so. I could do more."

"You still find time to read, eh?"

"Bet your life! I just finished a bang-up detective story. Want to read it?"

"Haven't got time to read anything but the morning and evening papers and the financial journals."

"Financial journals! What do you read them for?"

"To keep up with the market and things in Wall Street generally."

"I should think you'd find it dry reading."

"I read them for business and not for pleasure, just as I studied my books at school."

"I couldn't read 'em. I want something interesting."

"Well, they interest me. By the way, I suppose you know that D. & O. went up half a point to-day?"

"Sure I know it. I'm keeping tab on it."

"Thinking of the rake-off you expect to gather in."

"Sure."

Next day the price of D. & O. advanced another half point, and when the Exchange closed on Saturday noon it was two points higher than Bob paid for it. During the following week D. & O. made slow advances, and reached 80 by the end of the week.

"It's about time D. & O. got its boom on, isn't it, Tommy?" asked Bob, meeting his friend.

"It'll boom, all right, don't you worry," said Tommy confidently.

"Well, the longer it holds fire the more it costs me to carry the deal."

"How?"

"I'm paying the current money rate on about \$200,000 which the bank had to advance to carry my 800 shares. The bank paid \$22,500 for the

stock, and I put up \$3,000 deposit. I'm charged with the interest on the difference."

"Is that so?" said Tommy, who was not as familiar with marginal transactions as he should have been considering his opportunities to learn.

"Yes, that's so. Do you suppose the bank was going to advance that money for nothing?"

"How much will it cost you altogether?"

"I couldn't tell you until the deal is cleaned up, and I get my statement from the little bank."

"Will it make much difference in my rake-off?"

"Not a great deal. If the stock booms next week and I sell out, the commission and charges will probably amount to \$150. That will be deducted from what's coming to me. Then after I take my \$3,000 deposit out you get ten per cent. of the balance."

"All right," said Tommy, who knew Bob would do the fair thing, whatever it was.

About the middle of the next week the boom materialized and D. & O. began going up like a house afire. When it reached 90 Bob watched it closer than ever. He calculated it was about time to sell. He held on till it reached 92, and then sold out his shares and Miss Gates'. The stock was really sold at 92 1-4, and his profit was a trifle over \$5,000. Tommy's rake-off was \$500, and the sum looked a mighty big bunch of money to Master Toppleton, who had never owned \$25 at one time in his life. Bob handed it to him in \$10 bills, and they made a fat roll.

"What are you going to do with it, Tommy?" asked Bob.

"I'm going to blow myself to a show the first thing," said Tommy.

"That won't cost you much."

"Then I'll buy a \$10 gold watch and a chain to match it."

"And the balance you'd better put in a savings bank before something happens to it."

"What could happen to it?"

"You might lose it, for one thing."

"If I lost it, I'd have a fit."

"If I were you I'd put it in the bank now, keeping out a couple of the bills to spend, then you'd know it was safe."

Tommy agreed that Bob's advice was good and he started off to follow it. He had hardly gone when Mrs. Wicks came in the office. She told Bob she had availed herself of his tip and made \$1,500 on it.

"That ought to put you on easy street, Mrs. Wicks," he said.

"It will give me capital enough to take a new boarding house in a better location, where I can make more money."

"I'm glad to hear it, ma'am."

"I came in to give you a present of \$100," she said.

"You don't have to give me anything."

The lady insisted that he accept it, and as it isn't lucky to refuse money when offered, Bob took it and thanked her. When he counted his capital in his safe-deposit box that afternoon, after he got through work, he found he had just \$3,000.

up ten points in no time at all, it seemed to the Wall Street hangers-on. The boom was entirely unexpected at that time, and hundreds of small speculators began falling over themselves in their rush to get hold of the stock. Bob had noticed the rise, of course, but it took place too quick for him to get any advantage out of it, as Mr. Ford had an unusual call on his services. Just as sudden as the rise had been, the bottom fell out of the boom and the price fell with what Bob called a dull thud.

It presently developed that Mr. Ford had caused the slump by dumping several big blocks of the stock on the market. There was a howl from several brokers who had been caught long on the stock, and what they didn't say about Broker Ford's action was hardly worth mentioning. The greatest loser was a broker named Greene, and he was particularly sour on Ford, to whom he owned considerable money. The day after the boom collapsed Mr. Ford sent Bob to Greene's office with a note. He had directions to get an answer and lose no time. Greene was engaged when Bob reached his place, and the young messenger was told to wait.

"Can't you take this note in to him?" Bob asked the clerk who spoke to him.

"No. He can't be disturbed. He'll be through in a few minutes," was the answer. "Sit down."

Bob sat down and waited patiently for Greene to be disengaged. The minutes passed, and still the boy saw no chance of delivering his note. Finally he decided to make an effort to deliver it, anyway.

"I can't wait here all day," he muttered.

He got up and knocked on the private room door. Then he opened it a little in order to catch the words, "Come in!"

"He didn't hear them, but he heard something else."

"Now, look here, Greene, just you go ahead and buy all the L. & M. you can find on the quiet and have the shares delivered C. O. D. at Taylor's Bank," said a voice. "Keep to the offices on Wall street, for I have another broker working the rest of the Street. After you have cleaned up all you can get hold of, I'll have the pair of you alternate in the boardroom in booming the price. The syndicate has a raft of money, so the deal is bound to go through with flying colors. We hope to force at least a fifteen-point advance—possibly twenty."

"I'll attend to the matter. What's your limit?" said Greene.

"Follow the market, with a point leeway, if necessary."

"All right."

"By the way, Ford has a block of the shares. Better get them as soon as you can before he sells them to somebody else."

"I'll do it; but I'm down on him like a carload of bricks. He has just soaked me for \$50,000 on Great Western."

"By getting his block of L. & M. away from him you'll make a point on him, for he'll feel sore for letting it get away from him when the boom comes on."

"I'll call and see him right away. Is that all now?"

"Yes."

Bob, having heard that much and seeing that

CHAPTER XII.—The Box of Bonds.

One day toward the end of July a stock called the Green Western suddenly got active and went

the interview was over, concluded not to go in without knocking again. This he did, louder than before, and was told to come in. Greene was shaking hands with a well-dressed, bearded man, who immediately departed.

"Well?" said Greene, looking at Bob.

"Here's a note from Mr. Ford," said the boy, handing it to him.

Greene glared at him as he took it, then he tore it open and read it.

"Tell Mr. Ford I'll attend to it," he said sourly.

"All right, sir," replied Bob, turning around and walking out.

On his way back to the office Bob thought over the information he had picked up in Greene's office. It looked good to him, and he decided to get in on the stock without delay.

"Nothing like getting in on the ground floor, for then you can't lose much if things don't pan out the way you are looking for," he said to himself.

He delivered the reply of Greene to Mr. Ford, then he said:

"You've got a block of L. & M., haven't you, Mr. Ford?"

"Yes. How did you learn that?"

"I heard a man, who seems to be connected with some syndicate, tell Greene in his office to call on you right away and buy a block of L. & M. you had on hand. He said the stock was going to boom in a week or so and Greene would get the bulge on you by getting the stock now."

"Is that so?" said Broker Ford, much interested in the news.

"Yes, sir."

Mr. Ford had perfect confidence in whatever Bob told him, for he knew from experience that the boy's statements were to be relied on.

"Much obliged, Bob, for the information."

"You're welcome, sir."

"You say the man who told Greene to get the stock from me is connected with a syndicate?"

"Yes, sir. The syndicate is buying up L. & M. in order to corner and boom it."

"You learned that, too?"

"I did."

"How did you manage to get on to it?"

Bob explained how he had heard that part of the conversation between Greene and his customer when he opened the door of the private room to enter.

"Then Greene is acting for the syndicate?"

"Yes, sir."

"Describe the man you saw in Greene's office."

Bob did so, and Ford recognized him as a well-known operator. He was satisfied that something was doing, and he determined to take advantage of the information his messenger brought him.

"All right, Bob. I may make something out of this. If I do, I won't forget you."

Bob bowed and retired. Twenty minutes later Greene came in and asked for Ford. Bob showed him into the private room. After making a settlement with Ford on account of Great Western, and hiding the resentment he felt against his rival, he said he heard that Ford had a block of L. & M.

"Who told you that?" asked Ford.

"I forget who it was mentioned the fact," said Greene evasively. "Do you want to sell it around

the market? I have an order to fill for a bunch of it."

"You've come just ten minutes too late," said Ford.

"Have you just sold it?" said Greene, much disappointed. "Who to?"

"I'm sorry, but I can't give you that information. It's private."

At that moment Bob walked in with a tin box containing a score or more of Government coupon bonds.

"Mr. Davis left this box of bonds for you, sir," said Bob. "Government coupons, three-and-a-half, he said. He was in a hurry and couldn't wait. He said you knew what to do with them."

"All right. Put the box on the table there and get me a letter from the cabinet—Jardine & Wilson," said Ford.

"Yes, sir," said Bob, proceeding to obey orders.

"Then you haven't any L. & M.?" said Greene. "I'm sorry."

"I think Copperfield, on the floor, has some of the stock," suggested Ford, merely to get rid of Greene, for he didn't know whether that broker had any of the stock or not.

"I'll call on him," said Greene. "Good day."

As he went out a clerk came in and told Mr. Ford that the cashier wanted to see him. The broker left the room. He returned presently with a tall, well-dressed man, with a frock coat and silk hat, and a young man with a straw hat. The latter stood back while the tall visitor engaged Mr. Ford's attention. Bob was standing half-hidden by the safe, looking over a bunch of letters in one of the drawers of the letter cabinet. After a short talk with the tall man, Mr. Ford said:

"Take a seat and I will see how much of the stock I've got."

He left the room and the two callers approached one another and began to talk. As Bob glanced casually at them, he saw the young man point at the tin box he had laid on the table. The other nodded and walked over to a bookcase, for he had observed Bob's presence. The young man edged toward the table, and Bob watched him. The visitor with the silk hat reached for a book, purposely causing the case to tip forward. As Bob, attracted by the falling books, rushed to catch the case, the man's companion grabbed the tin box and started for the door.

CHAPTER XIII.—Bob and Tommy Visit Mrs. Wicks' House-Warming.

At that moment Mr. Ford came into the room and the young man bumped against him. Pushing him aside, the thief dashed for the outer door.

"Stop that man!" shouted the broker.

Bob, having saved the bookcase, looked around and saw that the young man and the tin box were gone. He made a dash for the door, passed his employer and rushed out into the corridor. He saw the young man's head just disappearing down the stairs beside the elevator. Bob put after him like a shot. The young thief, seeing him coming, put on speed and leaped down the steps three at a time. Bob did the same. The young man did

not take the next flight, but darted along the corridor toward the back of the building where there was an iron flight of stairs, narrow in comparison with the front ones. Bob followed him as fast as possible without gaining much on him.

The thief reached the back stairs and as they were steeper than the front ones he took them two at a time. They were winding stairs that made one dizzy at the rate the thief was going. Before he was quite halfway down he missed his footing and had to drop the box to save himself from a bad fall. Bob came sliding down the narrow iron railing and landed at the box before the fellow could pick it up. Seeing it was lost to him, he swung his fist at Bob, missed his face by a hair, and continued his flight. Bob, satisfied to recover the box, let him go and returned to the office at once. He found Mr. Ford standing out in the corridor, much excited. The man with the silk hat had taken advantage of the excitement in the office to slip out to the elevator and disappear.

"I've got the box, sir," said Bob, holding it up.

"Thank goodness for that!" said the broker. "Had that fellow got away with it, the loss would have been considerable to me. The bonds, being coupon ones, are readily negotiable, and I never could have traced them. It is lucky for me you were in the room. What were you doing at the bookcase when I came back?"

Bob told him.

"Those men evidently came into my office to see what they could pick up," said the broker. "They are daring rascals, and from their appearance no one would suspect them of contemplating any crooked work. You're worth your weight in gold, Bob. I don't know what I should do without you."

Bob naturally felt much gratified at this expression of appreciation on his employer's part. He re-entered the office with Mr. Ford and placed the tin box on his desk. Then he returned to the letter cabinet and presently found the letter he was in search of. Mr. Ford was in communication with the police over the telephone.

He gave a description of the pair, but as they looked like scores of people one runs across in Wall Street every day, the broker thought the chances of their being captured was very slight. That afternoon Bob found time to visit the little bank and leave his order for the purchase of 600 shares of L. & M. The stock was purchased at the Exchange at 80 before three o'clock.

Mr. Ford also made a large purchase on his own account, and added it to the block he had on hand. For about a week L. & M. continued around 80 and then the syndicate, having secured all they could get hold of on the outside, started Greene and another trader buying all that was offered them at the Exchange. The price then began to rise a little. After ten days it was up to 85.

As Bob was sitting in the reception room waiting to be called on to do something in his line of duty, the postman came in and handed him a bunch of letters. He took them in to his boss. As he was leaving the room Mr. Ford called him back.

"Here's a letter for you, Bob," he said, handing it to him.

Bob looked at the writing and wondered who it was from, for it was in a woman's hand that was

unfamiliar to him. As soon as he got back to his seat he opened it and found it was from Mrs. Wicks. She said she had taken a new house on 48th street, already had a house full of professional people, and was going to give a house-warming. She hoped Bobby would honor her with his presence, and if he chose could bring a friend. The affair was to take place on the following Sunday evening.

Bob pocketed the letter and that afternoon when Tommy came in Bob asked him to go up to the house-warming with him. Tommy agreed, and so on the following Sunday evening they met at a rendezvous agreed on between them and started for Mrs. Wicks' house. They were admitted by a young colored servant, and Mrs. Wicks came out into the hall to greet them. She led them into the double parlor and introduced them to the assembled company by name and then supplemented the introduction with the information that they were two young gentlemen who worked in Wall Street.

Wall Street has a magic sound, and as the boys were well dressed, they received the distinguished consideration of those present, who consisted chiefly of vaudeville performers, working or at liberty, and chorus ladies who were rehearsing at a large hall near by for a forthcoming musical comedy production. Everybody was on excellent terms with everybody else, and Mrs. Wicks told the boys to make themselves at home, as no one stood on any ceremony. She pushed Bob into a vacant seat beside three young ladies on a lounge, and Tommy into an unoccupied chair elsewhere.

"Dear me, where have I seen you before, Mr. Bassett?" said one of the young ladies, somewhat gushingly. "Were you a member of the Merry Orphan Company?"

"Why, how ridiculous, Sadie!" said the one in the center of the bunch. "Didn't you hear Mrs. Wicks say that this young man works in Wall Street?"

"Then I was mistaken," said Sadie. "I thought you were a member of the profession."

As a matter of fact, Miss Sadie was only throwing a bluff just to open up talk with Bob. It was so easy to pretend that she thought she had met him before that she adopted it.

"I am—of the money-making profession," said Bob.

"Dear me, I'm quite in love with Wall Street," said Sadie. "I've been introduced to several brokers behind the scenes, and they were most delightfully jolly men, don't you know?"

"Sadie has one on the string, but he hasn't coughed up any diamonds yet," laughed Clementina.

"Do you work for a broker, Mr. Bassett?" asked the third young lady, whose manner was even more kittenish than Sadie's.

"Yes, Miss——"

"My name is Constance Montague," beamed the fair one.

Bob bowed.

"I suppose you have a responsible position?" said Miss Montague.

"Sure. I'm the right-bower of the boss."

"Is it possible? You are quite young, too, aren't you?"

"You see, I was born young, but I'm getting older every day."

The three girls laughed at that.

"That's a better wheeze than Jimmy got off a while ago," said Miss Stanley.

"Are you young ladies going on the road with a show this fall?" asked Bob.

"We're going on a tour if the manager can pull the angel's leg hard enough," said Miss Sadie. "Clementina was on the road this spring. After the show busted in Schenectady she had to walk back to Troy, where she lives when she's home."

"Aren't you just horrid to give it away!" protested Miss Clementina.

Tommy was enjoying himself at the other end of the room where a couple of vaudeville comedians was filling him up with stories of the immense success they were having on the Barnaby circuit. They had been so overworked that they were taking a short rest to recuperate. Tommy was much impressed by their importance until he learned from another party that the two comedians were "hams," and had been fired from a moving-picture show because they had failed to make good.

Both boys noticed that the men of the party frequently left the room in turn. They wondered why, till a sleight-of-hand artist beckoned them out into the hall and asked them if they were thirsty. He said the boarding missus had a keg of lager on tap in the kitchen and they were welcome to go down and help themselves. The boys declined the invitation, and after lemonade and cake were served around they took their leave and went home.

CHAPTER XIV.—Conclusion.

During the following week Bob was kept very busy carrying notes to various brokers and transacting all the other duties that fell to his lot. The weather was red-hot, for it was the first week in August, but the market being unusually lively, most of the brokers found it necessary to either stay in town if their families were summering at a distance, or come in every morning to keep track of things. On Tuesday, L. & M. began to go up in a way that attracted a lot of attention.

It reached 90 at eleven o'clock and, after fluctuating till two, jumped to 95. Buying and selling went on at a great rate, and the traders wilted under the stress of the rush. In fact, it was so hot in the board-room that one broker fainted, and many had to pull out of the melee to cool off. The syndicate appeared to be having things its own way. Bob was wondering how his boss stood on the matter. He knew he had taken advantage of the tip, and was anxious to learn when he was going to sell out. Finally he went to him.

"I've broken a Wall Street rule, Mr. Ford," he said.

"Indeed!" smiled the broker. "What rule is it?"

"I had some money, you know, and I couldn't resist the temptation of putting it up on L. & M. on the strength of that information I got hold of."

"Oh, well, I won't pull you over the coals for it. You didn't go to a bucketshop, did you?"

"No. I went to the little bank on Nassau street. I see the stock is up to 95, and I stand to

win \$15 a share. Do you think I had better hold on a while longer, or sell?"

"You'd better sell right away, Bob. I'm going to drop a few thousand shares on the syndicate myself in a short time, and it would be better for you to be out of it then. Run around to the bank now and sell."

Bob did so, and found that L. & M. was going at 66 3-8. He got that price for his stock, and his profit amounted to \$9,600. An hour later Mr. Ford began to unload by degrees. The last bunch of shares he shoved at the syndicate brokers and they were obliged to take it in. Greene was as mad as a hornet to know that Ford had got in on them for many thousands of dollars, but he would have been furious had he known that his opponent had collared a great deal more on previous sales.

Bob, after the little bank settled with him, had over \$17,000 in his safe-deposit box, and he felt like a great mogul. A few days afterward Mr. Ford handed him \$2,500 in consideration of the tip, gave him a two-weeks vacation, and invited him to spend it at his cottage in the Springdale colony. Tommy got two weeks at the same time and decided to go down to the same place and stay at a boarding house there. Bob was received with open arms when he arrived, and his popularity enabled him to get Tommy in the swim, too. Those two weeks passed in a joyous round of baseball, swimming and other amusements, and the two boys returned to Wall Street ready to tackle work again for another year.

About the middle of September Bob accidentally got on to the fact that a syndicate had been formed to corner Southern Railway. He bought 1,000 shares of the stock at 130, and passed the tip on to his boss. He thought the chances of winning so good that he put Tommy and the stenographer on to it and sent word to Mrs. Wicks. The syndicate began operations by forcing the price down several points, and several brokers, including Greene, thought they saw the chance to make money selling the stock short.

Before they realized that they were banking on the wrong side of the market the price bounced up with a whoop, and they were pinched badly before they could get under cover. The syndicate having squeezed the shorts, let matters take their course for a week, and then commenced pushing the price up again. This brought a host of outside speculators on the scene, and during the rise that followed there was great excitement in the Street.

Mr. Ford suspected that his messenger was in on this deal, too, but he said nothing and Bob, Tommy and the stenographer pulled out a profit of \$18 on their shares. Mr. Ford made a good thing, too, and he presented Bob with another \$2,500. This, with his winnings, made Bob worth \$40,000. On the first of the year Mr. Ford promoted Bob to his counting room, and his lucky ventures as a Wall-Street messenger came to an end. But he didn't give up speculating altogether, but as our story deals only with his speculative career while a messenger, we have nothing to do with his subsequent operations on the market.

Next week's issue will contain "THREE COPPER CENTS AND HOW THEY MADE A WAIF'S FORTUNE."

CURRENT NEWS

SEVEN QUARTS OF WATER FATAL.

Some years ago three Englishmen, on a wager, decided to test their water-drinking powers. The winner swallowed twelve quarts, the second drank nine quarts, and the third consumed seven quarts. Soon after their remarkable feat, however, they each died.

MANY BERRIES ON SMALL LOT.

Mrs. A. W. McMinn, of Hornersville, Mo., picked 158 gallons of strawberries during seven months of 1920 from a patch 117 feet by 10 feet, for which she found a ready sale at \$1 a gallon. The production was distributed over the following months: May, 75 gallons; June, 14 gallons; July, 33 gallons; August, 19 gallons; September, 14 gallons; October, 2 gallons; November, 1 gallon.

BIG PROFITS IN PELTS.

One thousand beaver skins, secured in Alberta by trappers under permits from the Government, were auctioned off in 300 lots the other day and the average price per pelt was \$9.81. The beavers are only killed where they are destructive or a nuisance. The pelts are turned over to the Government and after the sale the trappers get 75 per cent. of the proceeds. Timber wolf pelts were offered at the same time and the top price was \$17.

STOLEN TREASURY NOTE USED FOR BIBLE BOOKMARK.

Mary Jane Grice was sentenced to one month's imprisonment at Oswestry, England, recently for stealing \$175 in treasury notes. The police stated they found one of the stolen notes in the Grice family Bible in the Book of Exodus, a page or two from the Ten Commandments.

"Set a thief to catch a thief." A man who was sentenced the other day at Dudley Quarter Sessions to three months' imprisonment for breaking into a warehouse and stealing clothing, said he wanted a suit to enable him to join the police force.

SPONTANEOUS COMBUSTION.

Cotton waste moist with lard or other animal oil will ignite from the sun's rays. So will damp lampblack. Nitric acid and charcoal create spontaneous combustion. New printers' ink on paper in contact with a hot steam-pipe will ignite. Boiled linseed oil and turpentine in small parts on cotton or linen rags or cotton will ignite in a few hours under a mild heat, and will in time create enough heat to ignite spontaneously. Bituminous coal should not be piled where it will come in contact with wooden partitions or columns, or against warm boiler-pipes or steam pipes. This coal should not be kept deep if it is to be kept on storage for a long period. If piled in the basement of a building it should be shallow and free from moisture, and under good ventilation.

PASTER IN GAS MASK SAVES FLAGS IN FIRE.

After making two daring but successful attempts to enter, at great risk, the corridors of the Town Hall, Shrewsbury, Mass., Feb. 12., which was filled with suffocating smoke and sparks from flames that were being fought in the cellar by firemen, the Rev. F. W. Smith, pastor of the Methodist Church and an overseas veteran who served as chaplain with the Canadian Black Watch, rushed to his home near by, obtained a gas mask, again entered the building and rescued two large silk American flags that recently had been presented Ray Stone Post, American Legion.

Before entering the building he made one end of a long string fast to the back door and tied the other end to his left thumb, so he might safely make his exit.

To save the flags he was compelled to crawl the length of the building over a floor through the cracks of which flames, smoke and sparks were pouring.

After a hard battle the firemen confined the flames to the lower part of the building. The loss was less than \$1,000.

WHAT EXPLORERS ARE DOING.

Captain Raold Amundsen, who discovered the South Pole in 1911, is in his ship, the Maud, where he has been for nineteen months, trying to reach the North Pole. In making his way to Nome, after having successfully negotiated the Northeast Passage, he frequently had to blast a path through the ice. High wages and scarcity of men embarrassed him, but did not shake his resolution, and he sailed out of Nome with only three sailors and an Eskimo cook, heading for Bering Straits, where he expected the Maud would be locked in the ice pack and would drift toward the Pole at the end of the Arctic winter. When last reported he was 170 miles northwest of Nome, in the Straits. Captain Aiep. Landmark and Captain John Vatney, in a 50-foot power boat, are on a trip of 4,000 miles to the Kolyma River, which drains Eastern Siberia over a stretch of 1,100 miles, is frozen over for 200 days in a year and is subject to terrific inundations. They wish to explore it, and their only guide is a rough chart made in 1878 by Nordenskjold, a Swedish explorer, on his voyage from Norway to Japan via the Arctic Ocean.

Knud Rasmussen, Danish explorer, who returned in 1919 from the east coast of Greenland after a study of the Eskimo tribes there, is preparing for another trip into the same region, where he expects to continue his studies for the next five years. Lange Koch, another Dane, is planning a survey of North Greenland, with the double purpose of making a scientific study of the country and of establishing Danish sovereignty there.

Dr. Olaf Holtedahl of the University of Christiania is organizing a natural science and geological expedition to Nova Zembla, on which he plans to start by summer.

A Lawyer At Nineteen

—OR—

FIGHTING AGAINST A FRAUD

By GASTON GARNE

(A Serial Story)

CHAPTER V.—(continued.)

"Oh, no, not a bit of it," said the young lawyer. "At this hour the police justices are sitting, and I demanded an immediate examination before the nearest one, as provided for by law."

"Well, that all goes to show that you've been through the mill many times before," growled the sergeant.

However, he knew that the prisoner had made a demand that was within his rights, and that he must comply, so he ordered the officer to take him and the complainant before the nearest police judge and let him stand his trial for highway robbery.

When they entered the court Lew swept a quick glance around the room and was relieved to see no familiar faces.

Soon after they entered the court Lew was arraigned at the bar, and the clerk, to whom the policeman had been making his charge, presented the affidavit to the judge. The latter glanced over it and then turned to the handsome young woman who was waiting patiently to be called upon.

"Are you the person who was robbed?" he asked.

"Yes, sir."

"Of a diamond brooch?"

"Yes, your Honor."

"What value?"

"Five hundred dollars, sir."

"Just tell me what took place."

Grace Carrington glibly repeated the story she had told to the sergeant at the police station, and then the officer followed it up with his story of searching the prisoner and finding the diamond brooch in his outer coat pocket.

"What have you to say?" asked the judge, turning to Lew.

"Not guilty, your Honor," said Lew, "and I would like to take a look at the stolen property."

"Have you a lawyer?"

"No; I will try to defend myself."

The judge looked keenly at him; and evidently saw something familiar in his face.

"I think you have been before me more than once," he said, bending a severe glance on the prisoner.

"That is true," admitted Lew, who had tried two small cases before him in the past year.

Lew had been looking over the brooch while talking to the judge, and the result of his inspection was to bring a sudden flash to his eyes. He turned to the judge and respectfully said:

"As I am appearing as my own lawyer, I ask that the complainant be sworn so that I may have the opportunity of examining her."

He had his eyes on Grace Carrington as he spoke, and he fancied that he saw a worried look appear on her face.

"You have that right, prisoner," said the judge. "Clerk, swear the complainant."

CHAPTER VI.

THE ACCIDENT THAT PUT LEW IN CHARGE OF THE IMPORTANT WINSLOW CASE.

The complainant was sworn and took the stand, and for one moment the boy lawyer fixed his piercing eyes upon her. She shifted uneasily under his gaze, and he felt assured that she was not nearly so confident as she had been when she talked to the judge.

"What is your name?" asked Lew.

"Grace Carrington."

"Are you sure that is your name?"

"Yes," answered the girl, but the trifling instant of hesitation before she answered made Lew confident that it was not her true name.

"You say that this brooch is worth five hundred dollars. How can you be sure of its value if you didn't buy it yourself?"

"But I did buy it myself," asserted the girl, which was the very answer the young lawyer wanted her to make.

"Where did you buy it?"

"In New York City, when I was there on a visit. I saw it in a jeweler's window on Fifth avenue, took a fancy to it and bought it."

Lew turned to the judge.

"Your Honor," he said, "I beg that you will be kind enough to send one of the court officers for the nearest jeweler, in order that we may obtain the opinion of an expert on this brooch which this young woman says she paid five hundred dollars for in a store on Fifth avenue, New York. Jewelers doing business on that great thoroughfare do not indulge in swindling transactions, and I consider myself fair enough judge to declare that the brooch is not worth one-tenth that sum."

"All right, we will have an expert opinion," readily said the judge, and at once sent one of the court officers to a jeweler doing business a few doors away, with a request that he attend immediately.

Within five minutes the jeweler came in, was sworn, took the stand, and in answer to Lew's questions said that he had been in business for twenty years and considered himself an expert. Then Lew handed over the brooch to him, and asked him to give an opinion as to its value. The jeweler examined it carefully with a magnifying glass stuck in his eye.

"The setting is what is known as gold filled," he announced, "and the four stones are known as Brazilian diamonds. The value of such a brooch when new is about five dollars."

"That's all," said Lew, and then he turned to the judge and said: "It must be clear to your Honor that if this young woman will lie about one thing that she will lie about the rest, and that no statement of hers deserves the smallest amount of credit. I now wish your Honor to listen to what actually took place since I first saw this girl."

(To be continued)

THE NEWS IN SHORT ARTICLES

BRIDE FINDS BOMB IN COAL.

A bomb made to resemble a piece of coal was discovered in Portland, Me., Feb. 19, by Mrs. Catherine De Sarno, a bride of two months, in a hod of coal that she was emptying into her kitchen stove. She collapsed when a three-inch fuse indicated the nature of the object, which was found to contain a substance resembling dynamite.

Mrs. De Sarno said that in a dream about three weeks ago she received a warning to be watchful.

BRITAIN WON'T CONSIDER SALE OF WEST INDIES.

The Foreign Office, London, Feb. 19, announced that the attitude of the British Government with regard to suggestions that Great Britain turn over the British West Indies to the United States in return for cancellation of war debts had not changed from that of a year ago, at which time the Prime Minister, Mr. Lloyd George, declared Great Britain had not the slightest intention of bartering or selling any part of the West Indies.

That statement was made in commenting on the resolution introduced in the United States Senate by Senator James A. Reed of Missouri concerning possible negotiations for such an exchange of the British West Indies for the wiping out of Britain's debt to the United States.

A CONTRACTING AND EXPANDING STOPPER FOR BOTTLES.

An interesting device for hermetically sealing bottles after being corked is being marketed by a New York concern. This device is a stopper of pure rubber molded around a screw traveling within two washers, which are firmly embedded and keyed in the rubber. The screw is swiveled in the lower washer to turn without engaging the thread. As the screw is turned to the right the upper washer is brought closer to the lower one, thus expanding the rubber in between so as to enlarge the diameter. The reverse movement forces the washers apart, elongates the rubber, and positive contraction is provided. Thus it is possible to seal hermetically a bottle without the tendency of the stopper to adhere to the neck of the bottle. A twist of the handle to the left draws the walls of the stopper away from the bottle, permitting easy removal.

HOARDING INSTEAD OF INVESTING FORFEITS LIFE SAVINGS.

Carrying on her person her lifelong savings accumulated through hard work and thrift, instead of depositing them in the bank where they would earn interest for her, has just cost Mrs. Herman Roberts, a 60-year-old widow of Brooklyn, New York, \$900. Mrs. Roberts did not believe in banks or safe-deposit vaults. But she thinks differently now. She is of the opinion now that banks or Treasury Savings Securities are infinitely safer places than the capacious pocket of her old-fashioned waist.

In contrast to Mrs. Roberts' unhappy experience may be cited a recent incident in one of the outlying communities. Burglars operating in this vicinity paid a call on one of Uncle Sam's partners—an investor in Treasury Savings Certificates. The owner of the Treasury Certificates discovered that they had left with the burglar. But they were registered and duplicate securities were obtained from the Treasury Department.

Had Mrs. Roberts' savings been likewise invested in Treasury Savings Securities, her 40 years' accumulation of nickels and dimes and quarters would have been safe. Instead of sobbing and mourning over the loss of her savings, she would now have enjoyed the joke on the pickpocket.

It is estimated that millions of dollars are being carried in the clothing of people in this country or hidden in improvised places of "safety." This money so vitally needed for the operation of American industries, if invested in Treasury Savings Securities, would not only benefit the individuals by earning interest for them, but it would also benefit the nation at large.

—BUY W. S. S.—

"MYSTERY MAGAZINE"

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MY ADVENTURE AMONG THE WOLVES.

By Col. Ralph Fenton.

We were sitting around the little table, four of us.

The glowing coals in the grate gave out a genial heat, and four happier young men than we could not have been found in the metropolis. We were all clerks, about the same age, and as full of bright anticipations as an egg is full of meat.

We were talking of the coming holidays. All of us were going back to the old homesteads to spend the Christmas with our parents.

We were all farmers' sons, who had been placed in the large wholesale house of Buy & Sellem to learn the business. We knew nothing of each other till we met in the city. Then, being in the same establishment and from the country, we naturally drifted together and formed a pleasant acquaintance.

It was on the evening of December 23d. The ground had been covered with snow for nearly ten days. We were anticipating a glorious time sleighing with the country boys and girls. We had all now been two years in the city, long enough to get rid of our rusticity and ripen into full-blown city chaps. With our "store clothes," and incipient mustaches, city airs, etc., we expected to make a sad havoc among the girls of our school days.

That night we were all busy packing our valises for the start early the next morning.

I was the possessor of a revolver, a six-shooter, which I intended to make a present of to my father. Something, I know not what, induced me to put it into my overcoat pocket, instead of in my valise, where the cartridges were. The six chambers had been loaded for over three months, but I had never fired it.

The next morning we all bade each other, Mrs. Mabrey and Beckey good-by, and started to the different depots to take the train for our respective homes.

It was a long ride to the little station where I was to leave the train and take the little mail wagon or sleigh for Little Valley, ten miles away. I was not impatient, however, for I knew that I could not reach the station before three o'clock, and that two hours more—a little after dark—would land me in the old homestead in the midst of those I loved so well.

Suddenly the whistle blew, and the train stopped right in the depths of a great forest, with not a house in sight. The passengers were surprised, and nearly every head, mine among the number, popped through the little windows to ascertain the cause of the sudden stoppage.

"Gosh Almighty!" exclaimed a countryman, "there's a hull freight train turned over in the ditch!"

We sprang up and got out to see what the trouble was. We found that a misplaced switch had thrown a freight train from the track. Two of the cars had been ditched. A force was at work clearing the track, but the conductor said we

would have to wait two hours before the train could pass.

"That will delay me two hours in getting home," I remarked to a gentleman by my side.

"I guess it will delay all of us about that much," he dryly remarked.

"That's so," said I. "I was thinking only of myself. Misery loves company, you know."

"And therefore you are happy, are you?"

"Well, no, not exactly. I've got to ride ten miles in the dark through a lonely road. The chances are that the mail wagon will not wait for the train."

"There's where you are mistaken, young man," the conductor said. "Do you get off at Blackstock station?"

"Yes."

"Well, there's three ladies and two children bound for the Little Valley on the train. I telegraphed to the driver from the last station that he would have passengers, so he will be sure to wait. He'll do it, too, for it's money in his pocket, you know."

"I am glad to hear it," said I. "Do you know who the ladies are?"

"No; they are going up to spend the holidays with their relatives or friends, I think."

Wondering who the ladies were, I patiently waited till the train could go on. Two hours passed, and the train moved on by the wrecked cars.

In another two hours we reached Blackstock, the railroad station, a little settlement of less than a dozen families.

Joe Sturges, the mail carrier between Blackstock and Little Valley, was an old acquaintance of mine. He had waited for the train, and was on hand when it stopped.

We greeted each other with an old-time cordiality.

"It's good sleighing, eh, Joe?" I said.

"Yes, prime," he remarked.

"Are you on runners?"

"Yes."

The three ladies and the two children staggered him as they came up. He had seats for two left. That was as many as ever traveled with him at one time.

"Blow me if I know how to work it," he said to me.

"Can't you get another wagon at Blackstock?" I asked.

"Not one in the place to-night," he said.

"Oh, we can crowd in!" said one of the ladies.

"If you do you'll be awfully crowded."

"Oh, we won't mind that," said one of them.

"We must go through to-night."

"You'll have to stay here till morning," said Joe to me. "I can't take you, you see."

I was desperate.

The old folks would be disappointed. So would I and all the young folks.

"Take my valise along under the seat, then," said I.

"Yes—I will."

"I am going to go to my old home to-night," I muttered to myself, "if I have to walk all the way."

An old farmer, whom I knew, came up on horseback. He lived only a mile from the station.

A thought flashed through my thinker.

"Mr. Barnes," I said, "I am left behind because Joe Sturges had not room for me in his sleigh. If you will let me have your horse to ride over to my father's at Little Valley, so as to spend my Christmas Eve with the family, I will give you a five-dollar bill."

"Jewhilikins! Will yer?"

"Yes, sir, and here's the money. Father will send him back to you day after to-morrow."

"I'll do it!" and he sprang off the horse. "Ye'll hev ter look out for wolves, though. I heerd they was pretty thick on Skunk Creek."

"I'm not afraid of wolves," I said, giving him a new five-dollar bill and springing into the saddle. "Good-night!"

"Good-night!" he responded, and I was off.

"This is luck," said I. "Joe has a half hour's start of me, but I'll see if I can't catch up with him."

But I soon found I could not. The horse was a steady old farm horse, but not fast.

"I'll get there before bedtime, anyhow," I said to myself, "and give 'em a surprise after all."

Suddenly I saw two black objects that looked like dogs running along the roadside just in the edge of the bushes. The horse seemed to be almost terrified. He pricked up his ears, and showed more speed than I had suspected him of possessing.

"Hanged if they aren't wolves," I said, as I heard several howls farther down in the woods.

The next moment nearly a dozen black fellows sprang into the road, as if to head me off. The horse snorted and dashed past them at full speed.

Then the pack opened with howls and gave chase.

"On—on, good horse!" I cried, my hair standing on end.

The old horse did his best, but the swift-toed wolves were too fast for us. They were all round us—before, behind and on both sides, snarling and snapping at the faithful animal. One of them bit my shoe and hurt my foot.

"Heavens!" I gasped, "if the horse falls I am lost!"

I thought of the revolver I was carrying to my father as a Christmas present. It was in my overcoat pocket. I drew it out, laid almost flat on the horse's neck and fired. I saw a wolf roll over in the snow. But it frightened the horse so, he shied clear out of the road under a big tree. A wolf seized him by the nose, another sprang at his throat.

The poor beast tried in vain to shake them off. My head struck an overhanging limb of the tree. Almost mechanically I reached up and caught it. To pull myself up out of the saddle and mount the limb was the work of a moment. A moment later the poor horse was dragged to earth, and the ravenous pack began the horrible feast of blood.

"Oh, Lord!" I groaned. "I am in a fix! Better stayed at Blackstock! Nobody lives within three miles of here. What shall I do? I'll freeze before morning in this place."

"Be off, you dirty dogs!" I yelled.

But they wouldn't be off at my bidding. On the contrary, they manifested a disposition to want to sit up with me all night.

My voice, however, encouraged me.

"Help! Help! Help!" I yelled, with all my might.

The brutes yelped and howled, as if to drown my cries, and leaped frantically up at the limb on which I was standing.

"I'll give you some lead to eat," I said, drawing my revolver and firing down at a huge wolf, who seemed to be a leader of the pack.

I missed him.

Another shot wounded him, and a second later he attacked the one next to him, thinking he had hurt him.

I fired and missed another, and then hit another. One more shot remained. I waited to make sure of it, and let one have it in the eye. He fell dead.

Midnight came and passed. I had to hold to the limb, and jump up and down to keep from freezing. The ravenous pack kept howling around the tree all night.

At last the gray streaks of dawn came up in the east, and the black brutes began to slink away to the swamp of Skunk Creek.

But I was afraid to come down, lest they should return and attack me. I knew I could not climb a tree; I was too cold.

Just as the sun was rising, I heard the jingle of sleigh bells. I looked up the road and saw a two-horse sleigh coming from the direction of Little Valley.

"Help! help!" I cried.

"Whoa, boys! Hello!" cried a familiar voice from the sleigh.

"Father! father!" I cried, for he it was. Joe Sturges had stopped at the house to tell him that I was at Blackstock. He hitched up at daylight and started after me, to bring me back in time for a warm breakfast. They had opened the valise and got the presents.

"My boy! my dear boy!" father cried. "What's the matter! What does this mean?"

"Wolves, father," I replied. "I hired a horse from farmer Barnes a half hour after Joe left, and started home. The wolves ran us down and ate the horse. I'm all right, though if I am not frozen."

I dropped down and was caught in my father's arms, who placed me into the sleigh. In another hour I was safely in my mother's arms at home. They had a time thawing me out, but succeeded at last. I had a glorious time with old friends; engaged myself to my old sweetheart, and two years later married her. I am old now, but I will never forget My Christmas Eve Among Wolves.

BOMBING 'A BATTLESHIP.

Although they succeeded in making a rather sorry mess of the obsolete battleship "Indiana," which the Navy has turned over for aerial experimental purposes, the five seaplanes of the "F. S. L." type did not succeed in sinking her. While the battleship was under way at a speed of 10 knots—she was controlled over an erratic course by wireless from the "Ohio" five miles away—the seaplanes attacked her and five of the 25 bombs hit the target squarely. Part of the deck was torn up, the smoke stack suffered severely, and the deck was strewn with debris, but the old battleship still remained afloat.

Fame and Fortune Weekly

NEW YORK, MARCH 25, 1921.

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ITEMS OF INTEREST

FINDS PEARL IN OYSTER.

A pearl, said by Omaha gem experts to be worth a large sum was found in an oyster by Sam Wickline, while opening oysters and clams at his oyster bar. Wickline has been opening oysters and clams there for the last three years and estimates his labors at more than 100,000 of the bivalves.

PENSION FOR HORSES.

Dan, the faithful horse of Captain O. K. Brezele, Greenville, S. C., which has carried United States mail a total distance of more than 75,000 miles on one route, was retired one day recently with a pension after 17 years' service. Captain Brezele, the mailcarrier, also was pensioned.

WANTS TO PAY OLD BILLS.

After being absent from Nortonville for twenty years, John J. Sheeran writes from California that he wishes to atone for his wrongs by paying all his unpaid bills in Nortonville. Sheeran says in his letter that he realizes now that "nothing spotted or unclean can gain heaven," and that he had made scandal and desires forgiveness of those he has wronged. He indicates that if he does not get the bills in a certain length of time he will give the amount or more to charity.

HARVEST ICE AND HAY IN MAINE.

They are making hay here while the sun shines this winter. Albert Johnson requiring a blanket to preserve his newly harvested ice looked about him and found a meadow with a goodly stand of grass. He made a dicker with the owner, took his mowing machine out of dead storage and turned it loose on the meadow.

The hay proved well dried and ready for immediate use, and after he had packed his ice away Johnson had a surplus for the horse that pulled the mower.

Cutting hay and ice at the same time was without precedent within the memory of the oldest inhabitant.

CUT OFF HER HAIR TO AID BRITISH FINANCE.

An English girl has just set an example of patriotism to her sisters of this or other countries by cutting off and selling her hair and giving the proceeds to the Government to help relieve its financial situation. The girl's name has not been made public. Her letter announcing her sacrifice, as received at a Government office, reads:

"To help, even though in a very small way, the country in the present financial difficulties, I have had my hair cut off and have sold it. With the money thus obtained I have bought War Savings Certificates which I have destroyed. The money is thus a direct gift to the country. If this could be published, perhaps many other girls would do as I have done and thousands of people would be encouraged to give up something that would benefit the country financially."

The letter was published, but emulators of the writer's example have not been heard. A reason may be found in a recent decree of hairdressers that "bobbed" locks are no longer fashionable.

LAUGHS

Lillian—Did Belinda like the Madonnas she saw abroad? Dorothy—She said they were the worst-looking lot of Biddys she ever laid eyes on.

Wife—When we go anywhere now we have to walk. When we were only engaged you always called a carriage. Husband—That's why we have to walk now.

"Say," began the determined-looking man, "I want a good revolver." "Yes, sir," said the salesman, "a six-shooter?" "Why—er—you'd better make it a nine-shooter. I want to use it on a cat next door."

Jenkins—Have you a typewriter at your office? Jinks—Yes, indeed! Jenkins—What style? Jinks—Oh, the very latest. You should see the new gown she's wearing these days.

"That boy of yours what went to college could do some wonderful lifting with the clubs and dumbbells." "Yes; but I always thought more of the other one's lifting powers." "Did he lift dumbbells and the like?" "No, he lifted the mortgage."

Mamma—Johnny, do you know what day tomorrow will be? Johnny—Yes, mamma; my birthday. Mamma—And what would you like for the occasion? Johnny (after a pause)—I'd like to see our schoolhouse burn down.

Angie—Just one question before we elope, Edwin. Are you fond of pet dogs? Edwin—Yes, yes! Bring him along, but be quick! Angie—No, it isn't that; but papa bought a bulldog last night, and he's somewhere around down town, and I want you to make friends with him before I come down.

ITEMS OF GENERAL INTEREST

HAD \$14,000 IN SMALL CHANGE.

With most of the sum in coins of 1, 5, 10 and 50 cent pieces, and with no bills larger than \$10, it was necessary to use a big tow sack in bringing to a bank \$14,000 found in the home of Henry Morris, 80, of Wilson, N. C., and deposited in a local bank by S. G. Newbern, his guardian.

STREET DROPS IN MINE.

The other day a large section of State street in Wilkes-Barre, Pa., suddenly dropped into the mines of the Hudson Coal Company, which underlay part of the city, and only the quick flagging of a street car prevented its plunging into the hole, which is 400 feet square and very deep.

An investigation showed the coal company had been expecting something of the sort, as it had bought twenty houses in the neighborhood and intended to notify the tenants to vacate when in their opinion conditions became dangerous.

SEA MONSTER FOUND DEAD NEAR MIAMI, FLA.

Scientists and deep-water fishermen here are puzzled over the finding of a sea monster off Soldiers' Key, a few miles south of Miami, Fla., which they are unable to name.

The body of the creature was found three weeks ago by Elmer L. Garretson of Huntington, L. I., who to-day towed part of the skull to Miami. This fragment is fifteen feet long and seven feet wide and weighs three tons.

Mr. Garretson said he did not know how long the monster was, but he saw as much as eighty feet if it. Sharke were devouring the flesh when he first found it. About six feet of the skull protruded from the water.

PRIMITIVE USES FOR KELP.

The importance of kelp in the economic life of the Indians of the Pacific coast is seldom properly estimated. A number of varieties are found in this part of the world which are suitable for human consumption, and which formed a material addition to the food stocks of these people. In addition, it was freely used as a bait in fishing for sea-urchins and other fish. In places the kelp growths have probably saved a goodly number of Indians from drowning by providing a place of anchorage for a canoe caught out in a bad squall. Some of the larger varieties have stalks and bulbs which are useful as molds and even as bottles. The fabric of the kelp makes an admirable fishing line. The seaweed serves nicely as chinking in the construction of houses. Its value as fertilizer was well known to the Indians. Likewise they were able to make considerable medicinal use of it. In short, the rich marine growths were of very great value to the savage races of the Puget Sound and California coasts.

WIFE BEATER LASHED AND SENT TO PRISON.

The lash was applied to the back of John Poloski at Crowland, Ont., after he was found guilty of beating his wife according to what he

said was the approved Russian fashion. Magistrate John Goodwin, before whom Poloski was tried, invoked an ancient law in dealing punishment that fitted the crime. Twenty blows on the bare back and thirty days in jail constituted the sentence, half the lashing to be done before and the rest at the end of the jail period.

Poloski, who is 35 years old, threw a clock at his wife, then kicked her and finished the attack by beating her as she lay helpless on the floor. His wife feared at first to tell of the various cruelties inflicted by her husband. She actually tried to shield him. But enough was related to make the magistrate realize what had happened, and bit by bit he coaxed the whole story from her. As he pronounced sentence a low cheer swept around the court room.

The prisoner's defence was that he treated his wife only as she would have expected to be treated if in Russia. He was stopped in the midst of his excuses, and Warden Frank Gallinger, armed with a new dog whip, took him outside and superintended the lashing.

TOWN PUT TO SLEEP BY A POISONED WELL.

To the wreck of a railroad freight train and the consequent dumping of an 8,000 gallon tank of naphtha the authorities of Roelofs, Pa., are beginning to trace a number of mysterious events. A death, a serious illness, the poisoning of streams and wells, the prostration of cows and other cattle, and the fact that neither humans nor chickens ever wake up earlier than 10 a. m.—all these things are being charged to the accident.

Rumors that the town of Roelofs was suffering from a new form of sleeping sickness and that household furnishings were falling apart from disuse and that wall paper on at least three houses was beginning to peel off have been brought to Trenton from time to time. It was not until February 19 that the matter was taken seriously and made the subject of an investigation by persons living at Trenton.

The wreck of the train dumped the tank car, they reported. The naphtha flowed into a pool on the farm of Robert Clewell. Clewell noticed the peculiar odor, but thought nothing of it, even after he began to sleep eighteen hours a day. In time Alfred Bittle, according to Dr. Edwin Huntsman of Hulmeville, died from naphtha poisoning and Mrs. Fred J. Jackson was stricken with stomach trouble. The cows on Jackson's place collapsed in the barns and slept for whole days at a time. At the same time the chickens quit laying and remained asleep, refusing to pay attention to the yelps of the Jackson dog, who had rolled in the gas naphtha pond and almost frozen to death as the liquid evaporated from his hide.

It was learned by the investigators from Trenton that every inhabitant of Roelofs has been unconscious a good part of the time, and that in lucid moments the authorities were too stupefied by naphtha fumes to attempt to ferret out the cause of the trouble.

INTERESTING NEWS ARTICLES

HIS IRON JAW BROKEN.

Louis Sacker, freak stunt puller, has plenty of "jawbone," but it's "out of place" now.

In practising for a show at Houston, Texas, Feb. 12, Sacker attempted to pull with his teeth a fire truck loaded with twenty-five men, a total weight of more than eight tons. To help start the load six other firemen tugged at his arms until Sacker's jaw was dislocated and other injuries inflicted.

U. S. PRODUCED 69 PER CENT. OF WORLD'S 1919 OIL SUPPLY.

Sixty-nine per cent. of the world's petroleum production in 1919 came from the United States, a compilation made public to-day by the geological survey disclosed. The world total was placed at 544,885,000 barrels, of which the American output was 377,719,000 on preliminary figures; Mexico with 87,073,000 barrels, or 16 per cent., standing next, and only one other country, Russia, reaching 5 per cent. Of the grand total, 98 per cent. came from the United States, Mexico, Russia, Dutch East Indies, India, Rumania, Persia and Galicia.

ALASKAN VOLCANIC FIRES.

At the recent meeting of the American Society for the Advancement of Science, Dr. Robert F. Griggs described a fiery flood which occurred in Alaska, in the "Valley of Ten Thousand Smokes." Here he found traces of the flood of fire which, issuing from a fissure in the earth, swept a roaring torrent of molten sand through the fertile valley, devastating all in its path for a distance of more than fifteen miles. From thousands of fissures live steam, heated gas and smoke issued. One could do one's cooking in any of the smaller holes. And that was the only salvation of the expedition, for all fuel had been destroyed by the flood of fire. It is only a few steps from the steaming fissures to a cave in the side of a glacier in order to have the most perfect refrigeration in the world. The explorers' tents were steam-heated, as it were, and the bathing conditions were of the best, for a stream from the glacier fed a crystal pure lake and in the middle of the lake a steam jet bubbled and it was possible to get any desired temperature.

LIGHTNING PRINTS CROSS ON BODY OF BISHOP.

There have been more marvelous cases of lightning photography than that which befell the unfortunate soldier at Chertsey during a recent storm when branches of the elm tree beneath which he was sheltering were reproduced in pattern on his body when he was struck dead.

In the Department of Seine-et-Marne some years ago a peasant girl had a picture of a cow she was hearing printed on her breast by a flash of lightning. The cow was killed, but the girl recovered.

An Italian sailor, killed by lightning as he sat

near the mast, had on his back a print of a horseshoe that was nailed to the mast.

But perhaps the most remarkable case of the kind was that related by John Still, the famous Bishop of Wells. A storm broke over Wells Cathedral during a service. Afterward the Bishop, his wife and many members of the congregation found themselves marked with a cross on various parts of the body. Not a soul was injured by the lightning.

INDIAN CHIEF'S GRAVE.

The last resting place of an Indian chieftain and his horse have been unearthed by O. E. Hinds, a farmer near Floris, Kans., in the sand-hills along the Beaver.

He had been sent off to the happy hunting grounds" with apparently all his worldly possessions. The skeleton was wrapped in a blanket of heavy texture, apparently once of brightest colors. Beneath the human skeleton was that of a horse, which had been interred with full accoutrements—saddle, bridle and numerous equine trinkets with which Indians were accustomed to decorate their favorite mounts.

On the wrist of the man's skeleton was a large bracelet made of many coils of metal, about three inches wide and quite heavy. A ring of the same material encompassed one finger. Another bracelet, of more elaborate design, was found among the ornaments, made of metal, rawhide and many beads. A string of beads, highly ornamented, and shell ornaments also were found. The only weapon was what apparently had once been a sword or spear.

GREATEST SPEEDS KNOWN, AND SLOWEST.

The swiftest speed we know is that of light—186,000 miles a second; the slowest is that of the human thumb-nail, which grows 2-1,000,000,000ths of a yard a second.

This from Science and Invention, which makes some more speed comparisons, as follows:

A cannon ball has been fired at a speed of 2,000 miles an hour.

A bamboo tree grows 27-10,000,000ths of a yard a second.

The earth speeds around the sun at 65,533 miles an hour.

A snail moves 15-10,000ths of a yard a second.

De Romanet flew an airplane on Nov. 4, 1920, 193 miles an hour.

An electric train in tests between Berlin and Zossen made 130 miles an hour.

Railroad engines have made 120 miles an hour.

Ice boats glide two miles a minute, or 120 miles an hour.

The motor boat Miss America has made 76.655 miles an hour.

Destroyers make 48 miles an hour.

A man has skated 27 1-3 miles an hour, run 13 1-2 miles an hour, walked 9 1-4 miles an hour.

With the woods of the world to choose from one can easily arrange a whole scale of scents from the sweetest and most delicate of perfumes at one extreme to rank and overpowering odors at the other, says the American Forestry Magazine. The stores of the perfumers' shop will not yield a greater variety than one can find in wood.

The most famous of all scented woods is the incomparable sandalwood. The true sandalwood (Santalum album) is an Oriental tree, the use of which for perfumery and incense began thousands of years ago, and its popularity remains undiminished. The later Greeks considered it one of their greatest luxuries, and no festivities were complete without it. There are many false sandalwoods, at least three from India, one or two from the Philippines and Java, one from Australia and another from the West Indies and Venezuela.

In some parts of the Himalayas and in the Khasia Hills the yew tree is called Godar (God's tree), the name that is elsewhere applied to a true cedar. The wood of the yew is burnt as incense, as is also that of the cypress.

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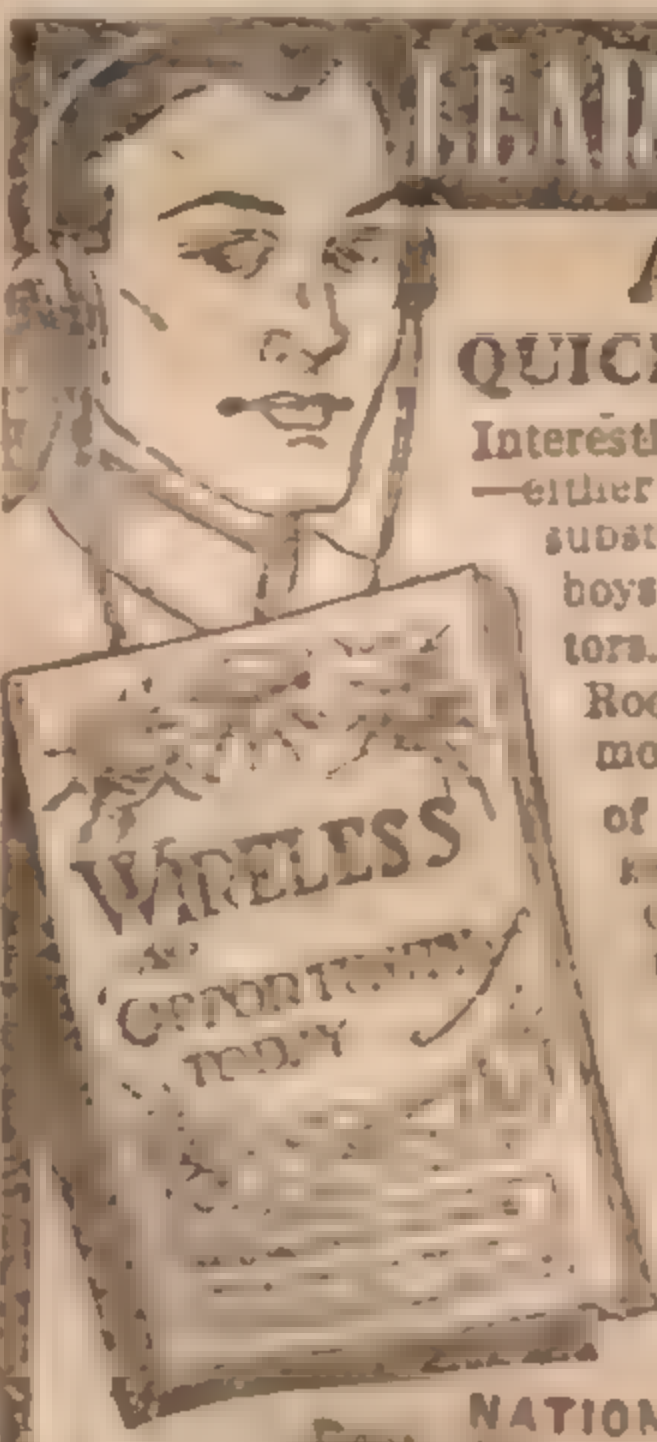
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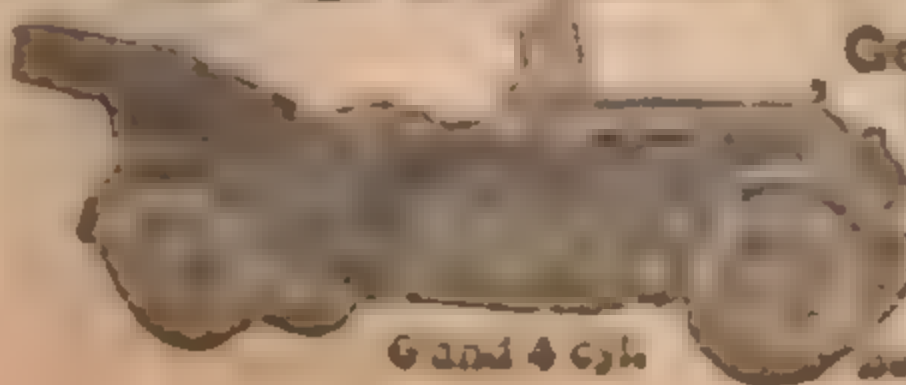
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"I am eighty-three years old and I doctored for rheumatism ever since I came out of the army over fifty years ago" writes J. B. Ashelman. "Like many others, I spent money freely for so-called 'cures', and I have read about 'Uric Acid' until I could almost taste it. I could not sleep nights or walk without pain; my hands were so sore and stiff I could not hold a pen. But now, as if by magic, I am again in active business and can walk with ease or write all day with comfort. Friends are surprised at the change."

HOW IT HAPPENED.

Mr. Ashelman is only one of thousands who suffered for years, owing to the general belief in the old, false theory that "Uric Acid" causes rheumatism. This erroneous belief induced him and legions of unfortunate men and women to take wrong treatments. You might just as well attempt to put out a fire with oil as to try and get rid of your rheumatism, neuritis and like complaints, by taking treatments supposed to drive Uric Acid out of your blood and body. Many physicians and scientists now know that Uric Acid never did, never can and never will cause rheumatism; that it is a natural and necessary constituent of the blood; that it is found in every new-born babe; and that without it we could not live!

These statements may seem strange to some folks, who have all along been led to believe in the old "Uric Acid" humbug. It took Mr. Ashelman fifty years to find out this truth. He learned how to get rid of the true cause of his rheumatism, other disorders, and recover his strength from "The Inner Mysteries," a remarkable book now being distributed free by an authority who devoted over twenty years to the scientific study of this particular trouble.

NOTE: If any reader of this magazine wishes the book that reveals these facts regarding the true cause and cure of rheumatism, facts that were overlooked by doctors and scientists for centuries past, simply send a post card or letter to H. P. Clearwater, No. 534 G Street, Hallowell, Maine, and it will be sent by return mail without any charge whatever. Cut out this notice lest you forget! If not a sufferer yourself hand this good news to some afflicted friend.

HUNTERS KILL 500 WILD GOATS

The Pacific Fleet News, organ of the U.S.S. New Mexico, in its issue of Nov. 15 states that the Fleet hunting party which left in a train tug on November 8 for Southern California, in charge of Major H. F. Wirgman, U.S. M.C., being composed of a number of officers from various ships of the fleet, with seventy-five bluejackets and marines, returned on Nov. 12. The News adds: "They reported a very enjoyable trip and the slaughter of about 500 wild goats. They were quartered very comfortably in the old Army barracks at Isthmus Cove. Each morning the party took the motor saller and disembarked at the west end of the Isthmus. Line was formed on the ridges and the goats driven out of the valleys and shot as they came up the hills. Detachments from the U.S.S. New Mexico, Idaho, Mississippi, New York and Wyoming and the blue-jacket pioneers from the New Mexico formed the party of about ninety in all. Isthmus Cove is an ideal camping ground, with water already piped along the roads and plenty of wood handy.

WHY CAN'T SEE IN THE DARK

We cannot see in the dark because there is no light to see by. To understand this we must first understand that when we see a thing, as we generally say, we do not actually see the thing itself, but only the light coming from it. But we have become so used to saying that we see the thing itself that for all practical purposes we can accept that as true, although it is not scientifically exact. Scientifically speaking, we see that part of the sunlight or other light which is shining upon it which the object is able to reflect.

If there were no air about us, we could not hear any sounds, no matter how much disturbance people or things created, because it requires air to cause the sound waves which produce sound, and air also to carry the sound waves to our ears. In the same way, if there is no light rays from any given object to our eyes, we can see nothing. Without light our eyes and their delicate organs are useless. You cannot see yourself in a mirror when the quicksilver which was once on the back of the glass has been removed, because there is then nothing to reflect the light.

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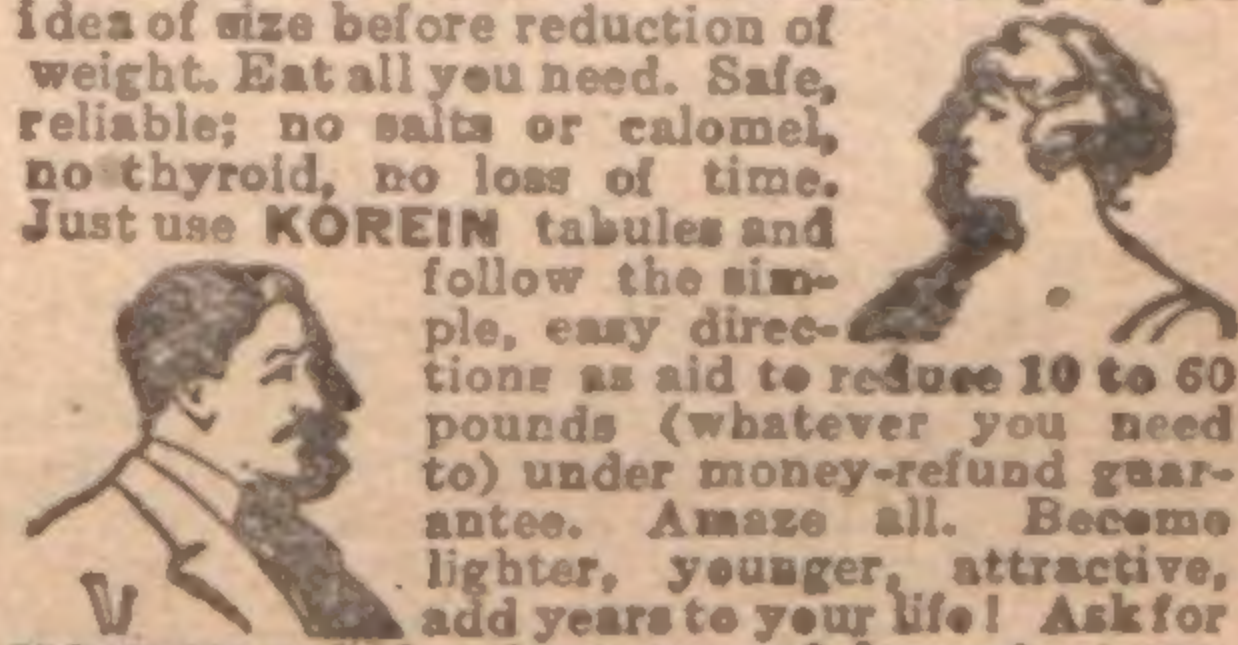
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